

TRUE DELICACY;
OR, THE
HISTORY

OF
Lady FRANCES TYLNEY,

AND
HENRY CECIL, Esq;

VOL. II.

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TRUE DELICACY;

A

SENTIMENTAL STORY.

SIR William, too much in love to listen to what he at first called idle fumnifes, was at length persuaded to comply, pre-engaging Cecil to visit Miss Boyde during his absence.—

“I dare trust you with her,” continued he, “because I know your heart is en-

gaged, and her hours are too melan-

choly to be passed by her alone. Be-

sides, Cecil, I know you spoke to

excellently for me to Mrs. Foley, that

you may be of great service to me in

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B

“per-

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“persuading my dear girl to consent
“to marry me directly at my return.”

Cecil laughingly asked him if Mrs. Foley, had told him how heartily he pleaded for him.

“No, upon my soul,” said Sir William, “she never was half so civil; but
“your angel, Lady Frances, declared
“that she never heard a man say such
“things, and in such a manner. Pos-
“sively, Harry, that woman, and
“faith she is a charming one, is abso-
“lutely infatuated with you.”

“Hush,” cried Cecil, smiling, while he clapped his hand on Sir William’s mouth, “you will certainly betray
“my secret some day by that intole-
“rable volubility of tongue.”

When

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When they parted, Sir William again insisted upon his friend's calling on Cecilia during his absence. Sir William flattered himself that the more he knew of her the better he would be pleased with her, and would, consequently, be less prejudiced against his marrying; and Cecil complied with his pressing intreaties, purely from an affectionate disposition, that he might endeavour to find out every, the minutest thing, relating to a girl, who, however worthy, was he still thought an improper wife for his friend on many accounts.

Accordingly, on the second day after Sir William's departure, he came to the nursery and asked for Miss Boyde.

Sir William had not trusted himself to take leave of her, designing to re-

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turn to town in three or four days at farthest, and bade Cecil tell her so.

With this message from Sir William, he accosted her.

She received him with great respect, and the serious complacency of his aspect, joined to a manner the most ungallant imaginable, obliged her to behave to him with uncommon deference.

He soon entered into conversation with her, and touched upon her story, and the passion Sir William had entertained for her, though with the greatest delicacy, adding, "He has engaged me, Miss Boyde, to make use of all my eloquence to prevail on you to consent to be Lady Revel in a very short time."

Cecilia

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Cecilia threw down her eyes at those few words, and seemed quite embarrassed.

Presently after, raising them timidly to Cecil, by whom she was a little awed, she said, "May I venture to speak freely to you, sir?"

"Undoubtedly, Miss Boyde; most freely: look upon me as the friend of Sir William Revel, and as your friend."

"And can the friend of Sir William Revel," said she, "with him to marry a poor unhappy girl, who has neither birth nor fortune to make her in the least suitable to him; who is, indeed, more unfortunate than the majority of her sex, not having a single friend in the world to countenance her? Heaven, who knows the

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“sincerity of my heart, knows also that
“it glows with gratitude, nay, with
“love,” added she, blushing; while
tears stood trembling in her eyes: “Yes,
“sir, I am not ashamed to own it, I
“adore your friend, and cannot, there-
“fore, bear to be the cause of his com-
“mitting a weakness which every one
“of his friends must condemn. I can-
“not bear even the thoughts of lessen-
“ing in the opinion of any body, the
“man to whom I am under such obli-
“gations: obligations which I can
“never return, but by hiding myself
“for ever from his sight, which I had
“done before; if the extreme weakness
“from the remains of my fever, and
“the really not knowing where to place
“myself in safety, prevented me.”

A shower of tears stopped all farther
utterance.

Cecil

Cecil was so much affected by her sudden silence, that he turned aside to wipe his eyes.

Recovering himself a little, he replied, "Such noble sentiments, madam, I did not, I honestly confess, expect from you, notwithstanding all that has been mentioned to me in your praise, and all that I have myself observed with regard to the propriety of your behaviour: and well do you deserve the reward of that man's tenderest esteem on whom you have settled your affections: but as you have already discovered by the excellence of your judgment, Miss Boyde, that we sometimes more strongly prove our friendship by withholding a present gratification from a man whom we esteem, than complying with his desires, if there is the smallest probability of our com-

B 4

"pliance

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“pliance being attended with reproach-
“ful sensations either to him or to our-
“selves, I shall leave you to act en-
“tirely as you think proper. You
“want no advice ; I shall, therefore,
“only assure you that if it is in my
“power to be in any shape serviceable
“to you, you may at any time com-
“mand me.”

Cecilia was too much distressed at that moment to make an immediate reply : she was indeed considering what she should say : love and discretion combated within her breast. She thought it quite necessary to leave Sir William ; but the recollection of all his tenderness and generosity scarce left her resolution enough to take so prudent a step. Besides, whither could she go ? The putting herself under Cecil's protection was not eligible, though she saw every thing in his looks and manners to encourage

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courage her hopes about his disinterested friendship. Was he not, however, a man? and was not his being so sufficient to alarm her?

Thus bewildered in the mazes of uncertainty, they told her that Mrs. Thorpe was come to see her.

At the mention of Mrs. Thorpe's name, she asked Cecil if he would give that good woman leave to make her appearance.

"By all means," said he, "and I will go and take a turn in the nursery till you send for me."

He was not at all sorry for this interruption. The beautiful simplicity of the amiable Cecilia, the uncommon nobleness of her sentiments, and the severe conflict which he plainly saw

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In her gentle bosom, by infallible signs, filled him with esteem and respect for her, and made him earnestly wish to serve her: but as he could not immediately think of the best measures to pursue for that purpose, he was rejoiced to have a short time for consideration.

While he was absent, Miss Boyde opened her whole heart to Mrs. Thorpe, whom she was transported to see: but when she informed her of Sir William's serious intentions to marry her, "My
"G—d!" exclaimed that trusty old friend to the family, "and can you
"think of ruining the man who has
"saved your life?"

"No, no, my dear Mrs. Thorpe," replied the impatient Cecilia, weeping, "hear me out, and then, I believe,
"you will not blame me."

She

She then told her all that had passed even to this last visit of Mr. Cecil's, and earnestly begged her advice.

"I heartily wish," said the good woman, "that I knew any place proper to hide you from Sir William, till his love abates, or till he fixes on some other person: but consult Mr. Cecil, he is a worthy young man, a true friend to Sir William, and you may trust him with the greatest safety, as I know his heart is engaged."

"I will, then, send to desire him to walk in while you are here," said Miss Boyde.

Cecil immediately obeyed the summons, and with the greatest alacrity, as he had just thought of an old lady, of great benevolence, whom he had sometime known, and who had said,

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not long before in his hearing, that she wanted an agreeable young person to read to her as her eyes grew bad. “Now if she has not yet furnished herself with such a companion, your situation with her, Miss Boyde, may be very eligible.”

Cecilia, pleased with this proposal, after having thanked him very gracefully, had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Thorpe thoroughly approve of it also, who only added, “There will be a necessity of keeping the place of her residence secret from Sir William, at least for a time.”

Miss Boyde having assented also to Mrs. Thorpe's opinion, Cecil hastened to town to Mrs. Beam, who told him she had just parted with a girl recommended to her, after having been with her a few days, because she did not like confinement.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Beam was very soon so well satisfied with Miss Boyde's character, drawn by Cecil, that she intreated him to send her directly to her.

Without delay, therefore, he took a coach to fetch her to town.

Poor Cecilia, when the moment of her departure, for ever, from a house in which she had spent so many pleasing hours with Sir William, arrived, felt the most cutting pangs: pangs of which, as she was not ashamed, she did not strive to conceal them: for she thought that he well merited all the sensations which agitated her gentle bosom in his favour.

Cecil, though he felt extremely for her, prudently thinking that on such an occasion talking about it would be very impertinent, and only serve to render

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render her separation from Sir William less supportable, kept a respectful silence : speaking only when he found a proper opportunity to endeavour to give a new turn to her thoughts, by introducing a conversation about the lady to whom she was going.

She then made apologies for her grief, and begged him to tell her what kind of behaviour would be the most pleasing to Mrs. Beam : he soon presented her to that lady, by whom she was received with great condescension.

She had not been there many hours before Sir William, who had only staid till he procured sufficient information to authenticate every thing she had related to him, flew to the nursery more charmed with her than ever.

The

The first news he heard was, that she was gone.

It will not be easy to describe either his astonishment or his concern upon the occasion: but when, upon farther enquiry, he heard that she was gone with Cecil, he, with the greatest difficulty, restrained his rage. However, as he was well acquainted with his friend's partiality for Lady Frances, and knew he was not a man of general gallantry, he thought it better to curb his resentment till he was acquainted with the motives for so extraordinary a proceeding.

With this view he hurried to his friend's lodgings, yet could not so far command himself as to forbear saying, with some warmth; "So Cecil, " you have finely executed the commission with which I trusted you, " but

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“but pray, Sir, what have you done
“with Miss Boyde?”

“Nothing but what was entirely
“by her own choice, and at her
“earnest desire,” answered Cecil,
“with the utmost composure.

“Since that is the case, then,”
said Sir William, with an ironical
smile, “I hope you will direct me to
“her immediately.”

“That I cannot do, my dear Revel,”
replied Cecil, “because she has re-
“peatedly desired the contrary: and
“her reasons are so judicious, so very
“much to *her* honour and to *yours*,
“that I flatter myself you will, when
“you have heard them, agree to ac-
“quiesce with her in the support of
“sentiments so truly generous and
“just.”

“Sdeath!”

“ ‘Sdeath !” cried Sir William, firing at Cecil’s calmness, “ what do you mean, Sir, by treating me thus ?”

“ Are you ridiculous enough to imagine that I will ever give up a girl not to be equalled, perhaps, in the whole world, and who, before you poisoned her mind with these absurd notions, had love for me, sufficient, I will venture to say, to have prevented her from leaving me upon any terms : especially from going off with a man who, under pretence of friendship for *me* and care for *her*, has seduced her heart, and secreted her person from me who had all the reason in the world to expect a continuance of the dear privilege of seeing her and conversing with her ; the assistance I had happily afforded her having made too deep an impression on *her* heart.

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“to suffer her to pain me by a refusal
“of mine.

“And would you be so mean,”
replied Cecil, “as to take advan-
“tage of the service you did her by
“rendering her life unhappy?”

“Unhappy? Heavens!” cried Sir
William, “would making her mine,
“by the most honourable of all ties,
“have rendered her unhappy?”

“Certainly—as her esteem, I may
“say love for you, would not permit
“her to enjoy any real felicity, while
“she was the cause of an injury to
“your reputation by such an al-
“liance.”

“Furies! Was it possible for me
“to injure my reputation by an alli-
“ance with an angel? The less con-
“scious she is of her own merit the
“more

“ more she must raise herself in the
 “ opinion of every rational creature :
 “ tell me, therefore, tell me this mo-
 “ ment, whither I may fly to her, and
 “ I will forgive all the uneasiness
 “ which your mistaken zeal for my
 “ happiness has occasioned.”

“ You must, indeed, excuse me,”
 said Cecil mildly.

“ I will excuse nothing; I will see
 “ her instantly.”

“ What, when she begs, when she
 “ intreats to be concealed from you?”

“ S'death ! Hell !” cried Sir Wil-
 liam ; “ begs, intreats to be conceal-
 “ ed ? She — she who was ready to
 “ sink into my arms, scarce an hour
 “ before I — Oh ! curse on my stupa-
 “ dity which prompted me to trust
 “ you with the sight of such a crea-
 “ ture : but I foolishly believed you
 “ could

"could look on no woman except
 "Lady Frances, and so have thrown
 "myself into your power: take care,
 "Cecil, however; don't trifle with
 "me, my temper won't bear it on a
 "subject that would rouse the most
 "phlegmatic and inanimate—so tell
 "me where she is, or I will not answer
 "for the consequences."

During this speech, he walked up and down in the most violent agitation.

Finding that Cecil, who was writing when he came in, and who only left off to answer him, had very quietly taken up his pen again, he stopped short just before him, and with a look in which his remaining regard for that sensible friend, and his extreme impatience and anxiety about Cecilia, were strongly blended, and in a tone which really excited compassion

in

in that friend, said, "Prythee,
 "Cecil, keep me no longer in this
 "cruel suspense, but tell me where
 "she is."

"As I have given you such power-
 "ful reasons to be satisfied with her
 "concealing herself, my dear Revel,
 "I wonder you will ask me."

"By Heaven! then," replied the en-
 "raged baronet, "I *will* know: and if
 "neither the friendship you have pro-
 "fessed for me, nor the justice of my
 "cause in my having the first claim
 "to the affections of this lovely crea-
 "ture, will have any effect upon you,
 "I must *oblige* you to tell me."

"Indeed, my friend, you will not,"
 answered Cecil, "and for no other rea-
 "son but because I am sure that both
 "you and the lady will thank me
 "here-

“ hereafter for having kept her secret
 “ so faithfully.”

“ ‘Sdeath !” cried Sir William,
 “ *You, you* have secrets with my Ce-
 “ cilia? Grant me patience!—but—
 “ no—’tis impossible; you have de-
 “ ceived me: you have either stolen
 “ from me the affections of this
 “ charming creature, or you have im-
 “ posed upon us both by your speci-
 “ ous calmness, or by your consum-
 “ mate treachery: and therefore I will
 “ have immediate satisfaction——
 (drawing his sword half out of the
 scabbard, as if loth to come to ex-
 tremities.)

“ Put up your sword, Sir William,
 said Cecil, with the greatest serenity:
 “ you have, I am sure, too much ho-
 “ nour to draw upon a man unarmed
 “ in his own apartment; one whom
 “ you

“you esteemed your friend, and who
 “never so truly deserved that appellation as at this moment.”

“Nay then,” answered Sir William,
 “there is no other resource. This
 “trifling, which you possibly call cool-
 “ness, is worse than death: take
 “your sword immediately (seeing it
 “lie in the window) or I shall murder
 “you without giving you time to
 “defend yourself.—Will you tell me
 “where Cecilia is or not?”

“I will *not*,” said Cecil, taking up
 his sword, and putting himself in a
 defensive attitude: “yet hold one
 “moment, Sir William, consider
 “what you are about.—You know I
 “want not courage, but there is no
 “bravery in opposing a madman.
 “Were I to betray an innocent girl,
 “who has trusted me with her peace,
 “in

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“ in order to preserve my life, I should,
 “ indeed, most justly deserve to lose
 “ it : but I will only stand upon the
 “ defensive. I love you—I pity you—
 “ Look upon me in the light you
 “ have ever done : believe me honest,
 “ believe me faithful, and you shall
 “ find me so : but for your own sake,
 “ for the agonizing pangs, I know
 “ your heart will feel for this outrage
 “ by and bye — reflect a moment,
 “ and be calm.”

“ Furies and devils,” replied Sir
 William, foaming with rage, “ tempt
 “ not my frenzy by your d—d stoical
 “ indifference : I *will* know where
 “ she is, or you shall absolutely never
 “ see her more.”

Cecil, returning no satisfactory an-
 swer, he made a lunge at him, and,
 in spite of all Cecil's dexterity to
 parry

parry the thrust, brought him to the ground, though, in endeavouring to defend himself, he had very unwillingly first pierced Sir William's side.

As soon as Cecil fell, he cried out, "Save yourself, Sir William, by immediate flight, or call in witnesses, that I may declare you not designedly guilty of my death."

All the baronet's rage now subsided, and gave way to a passion of a very different kind. Regardless of every thing but the mischief he had done, and thinking only of the pale, bleeding object before him, once so truly esteemed, now more so than ever——(we are all, to our frequent disquiet, insensible of the value of a friend till we are going to be deprived of him)——he felt the most poignant anguish. Believing that he

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had killed his friend, in a storm of passion, he lamented him in the most pathetic terms, throwing himself by his side on the floor, and, while he grasped his cold hand, and wetted it with drops of unfeigned sorrow and penitence, begged him, with a voice hardly to be heard, to forgive him.

The noise occasioned by Cecil's fall soon brought up the servant, who ran for a surgeon and the best assistance.

Cecil, in the mean time, who was really not wounded in a dangerous manner, any more than his adversary, took advantage of the affecting moment to work a change in Sir William, who bled faster than he could have imagined: nor would he suffer the surgeon to touch *him* till Sir William's wound was dressed, in spite of all his Interruptions. He then ordered them
to

to put him carefully into a chair, and sent his own man home with him.

Sir William, as soon, as he was brought home and laid on his bed, sent immediately for Mrs. Thorpe, but, not having any idea of her being privy to Cecil's carrying away Miss Boyde, he did not interrogate her on that head: he scarce, indeed, thought of Cecilia: he only reflected on the irreparable injury he believed he had done Cecil, and insisted on Thorpe's going directly to see him, to sit up with him, to take care that he wanted no sort of attendance, and to send the most exact intelligence about him.

Having thus spoken to her, he forced her out of the room before she had even time to promise the strictest obedience to his earnest injunctions.

Hardly had Mrs. Thorpe been gone half an hour when the servant who remained in his room, and who was a new one, hired for the journey, informed him that a young lady was at the door of the apartment in the greatest affliction, and desired to be admitted to see him, but added, that he had refused her admittance, as the surgeon had ordered him to be kept very quiet.

“Where is she? Who is she?” cried the baronet, his heart beating with hope;—“admit her immediately.”

The door was no sooner opened than Cecilia ran in, drowned in tears, and fell by the bed-side the moment she reached it: but an exclamation, which the sight of her occasioned, awakened her.

Without

Without paying regard to any thing but his dangerous condition, she threw herself into his arms, which he had opened to receive her : and while she fell on his neck, in an agony of tears, he kissed them as they streamed from her lovely eyes : never had he before felt so ecstatic a moment ; even Cecil was forgot, till Cecilia, recollecting herself, blushed and withdrew herself from his impassioned caresses ; and, with the most enchanting confusion imaginable, said, “ I beg your pardon, “ Sir, but having great reason to believe that I am, in some measure, “ the unfortunate cause of this dreadful accident you have met with, I “ shall not rest till I have obtained “ your forgiveness : and be assured,” added she, “ that I will weary Heaven “ with my incessant petitions for your “ recovery.”

“Your wishes for my health, my
 “lovely Cecilia,” said the transported
 baronet, “joined to this dear, unex-
 “pected, but most kind visit, will
 “have the desired effect. I feel my-
 “self revived beyond expression,”
 continued he, grasping her hand,
 “at the sight of all my soul doats on,
 “were but my friend’s life out of
 “danger! — Oh, Cecilia! how does
 “thy dear, long-wished for presence
 “make me feel that cruel thrust! as
 “it has entirely convinced me how
 “infinitely I injured him, when I sus-
 “pected him of having stolen the
 “treasure of my heart from me.”

“Indeed, indeed, you injured him,”
 said Cecilia; “he did not even once
 “make such a proposal: it was my
 “own desire that he found out a lady
 “who has kindly received me: it was
 “at *my* earnest request that he con-
 “cealed

“ cealed my situation from you : and
 “ you would not have now seen me,
 “ had not my apprehensions on your
 “ account made me long to say some-
 “ thing to comfort you, and to ask
 “ your pardon for having occasioned
 “ so unhappy an affair : an affair”
 added she, weeping excessively, “ for
 “ which I can never forgive *myself*.”

In vain did he say every thing ima-
 ginable to endeavour to stop her
 tears, and dispel her terrors : she
 remained in the utmost dejection, and
 refused to discover where she was,
 though he importuned her extremely
 to tell him ; only relating all that had
 passed between Cecil and her upon
 that subject without once mentioning
 the name of Mrs. Beam, or inform-
 ing him how she had been apprized of
 his accident : nor could all his intrea-
 ties prevail on her to stay any longer

with him: she promised however, to see him again soon.

When she left the room, he ordered his servant to follow her, who brought word that she went to Mrs. Thorpe's.

In about a couple of hours afterwards, Mrs. Thorpe herself came to Sir William, and told him that his friend was not in any danger. Such agreeable intelligence succeeding the transport which he had received from Cecilia's unexpected visit, gave an ease to his heart to which it had long been a stranger. He questioned Mrs. Thorpe very closely about Miss Boyde, but could not procure any information, as she persisted in denying that she knew the lady with whom she lived.

While

While Sir William and Cecil were both recovering, the report of the latter's wound reached Lady Frances and Mrs. Foley, and gave them, especially Lady Frances, a thousand inquietudes. Her Ladyship sent continually to enquire after him, notwithstanding the frequent intelligence she received from Colonel Tylney, who saw him every day.

The colonel also frequently called on Sir William, and having heard from his own mouth an account of his passion for Cecilia, told him that, as he was in his bed, and could not well run him through the body, for opposing him, he would freely confess that he was entirely of Cecil's opinion, and thought it a strange match.

"You repent, then, of marrying
"Mrs. Tylney, I conclude?"

C 5

"Sincerely,

“Sincerely,” replied the colonel,
“between you and I.”

“But you shall see that *my* girl is
“quite of another sort.”

On the coming up of the surgeon,
Tylney went away.

As soon as the surgeon had finished
the dressings, and was going to leave
the room, Cecilia entered, but seeing
him, started and made a retreating
motion.

The surgeon whose name was Bal-
more, and who had attended because
the person whom Sir William was ac-
customed to employ was out of town,
assured her he was going, but, while
he spoke, fixed his eyes so intently
on her face, that her confusion was
increased.

Sir

Sir William, who had caught a glance of her, called out in the most tender accent, "Come in my dear Cecilia: how impatiently have I wished to see you!"

"Cecilia!" repeated Mr. Balmore, stopping just at the door, and looking again intently on her. "Pardon me the liberty madam," said he, "of asking if your name is Cecilia Boyde."

"So I have been always told, Sir," replied she, with a fresh glow in her cheeks which his question occasioned.

After having made a second apology for his freedom, he desired to know if she was not nursed at such a village.

Cecilia started at all those very particular interrogations, but replied in the affirmative ; upon which he quitted the room immediately.

Cecilia, as she found Sir William so much better, staid but a short time with him, notwithstanding his utmost endeavours to detain her : earnestly too did he try to prevail on her to marry him as soon as he was recovered, and to let him know where she lived : he tried in vain : he could draw no satisfactory answer from her.

After having left him violently agitated, she returned to Mrs. Thorpe's, with whom she intended to remain some time, that in case of being followed the servant might be thrown upon a false scent. Sir William, however, had given his man new directions : had commanded him not to be

so hasty in his return, but to watch her coming out of Mrs. Thorpe's, where he did not imagine she would stop a great while, as she had declared she did not live with her.

This scheme of his would certainly have succeeded, if the servant, through his eagerness to get good intelligence for his master, had not been so quick in the pursuit, that she saw him at a little distance, just as she was going into the house. That discovery alarmed her so much, she determined not to stir till he was gone, and immediately acquainted Mrs. Thorpe with her resolution.

Mrs. Thorpe approved of her resolution, but added, that she fancied if Sir William's servant had received orders to watch her, it would not be an easy matter to escape him.

This

This reply, which was certainly judicious, greatly alarmed Cecilia: for though the shock which she had sustained on hearing the report of Sir William's being dangerously wounded, prevented her from enjoying the least tranquility till she had seen him, yet she determined to deprive herself of that satisfaction for the future. It was, indeed, upon the strength of such a promise alone that Mrs. Beam, to whom she told her story, had consented to her making those two visits, neither of which had *her* approbation: but the dreadful fits into which she fell, upon accidentally hearing of his rencounter with Cecil, and the dejection which followed them, gave Mrs. Beam room to fear her life was in danger, and as she believed her really innocent and well-meaning, she ventured to trust her,

sup-

supposing that Sir William was not then capable of taking any violent measures. Besides, Mrs. Thorpe, at her desire, came with her and staid below till she returned from Sir William.

After much deliberation on this subject, it was agreed that Cecilia should not go back before it was dark. Mrs. Thorpe would then carry her first in a hackney-coach to a friend of her's, and discharging the coach, induce Sir William's man to imagine she was securely lodged. The vigilant, but mistaken servant, accordingly carried the news without delay to his master.

When they found that they had got rid of the spy on their motions, they sent for another coach, which conveyed Miss Boyde safe to Mrs. Beam, whom she in the most grateful terms thanked for her indulgence to her, and assured

assured her she had now determined to see Sir William no more.

As these last words were spoken with resolution, though accompanied with a sigh, while a tear stole down her blushing cheek, that Lady asked her if she thought she could have courage to go down with her into Devonshire, where she proposed to be in a few days.

“Certainly, Madam,” said Cecilia,
 “or I should ill deserve the favours I
 “have received. I cannot deny but
 “that I am sorry to be under a necessity
 “of separating myself from Sir
 “William; that concern, however,
 “shall not prevent me from doing my
 “duty.”

Mrs. Beam highly commended her proper spirit, and assured her that if she had firmness sufficient to persevere
 in

in so laudable an intention, she would be her real friend.

Cecil, though in appearance the most hurt, was nevertheless much the soonest able to leave his apartment.

The first time he went out, he made a visit to Sir William, who ran into his arms with a transport not to be described, but by him who has experienced the heart-felt delight at finding his truest, dearest friend alive and well, and still his friend after having believed that he had murdered him.

Cecil also felt so much sincere satisfaction at seeing the man who had been rash enough to attempt his life, though at the hazard of his own, perfectly safe and entirely convinced of his error, that words were wanting for the expression of his feelings. He
could

could only turn aside and wipe away the starting tears of reconciliation; ardently grasping Sir William's hand at the same time.

While they were in these affecting attitudes, Mr. Balmore came into the room, but immediately drew back, with an apology for his intrusion.

They both desired him to walk in, and Cecil said, "As I am indebted to you, Sir, next to heaven, for the restoration of my friend, give me leave to pay my hearty thanks to you for your care of him."

Balmore politely returned the compliment — adding, "If any man had heard the many anxious enquiries I have received from each of you, gentlemen, after the other, and the many injunctions I received from each

" to

“to be careful of his friend, he would
 “scarce have imagined that your
 “danger arose from yourselves: but
 “I hope and dare believe that this
 “little mistake will cement your friend-
 “ship more strongly: but my parti-
 “cular business to-day, Sir William,”
 continued he, “is not so much to en-
 “quire after your health, as after a
 “young lady, whom I met here the
 “day before yesterday. Can you
 “direct me where to find her? This
 “is not her home, I suppose, and I
 “have a few questions to ask her, which
 “if properly answered may make more
 “than one person happy.”

“Questions to ask Miss Boyde?”
 replied Sir William earnestly, “of what
 “nature Mr. Balmore?

“There you must excuse me, Sir
 “William,” answered the surgeon
 smiling.

“But,

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“ But, indeed, I shall not. No
“ man shall ask *her* questions without
“ *my* leave.”

“ I beg your pardon, Sir,” said Mr.
Baltimore, “ I did not know you interested
“ yourself so warmly in her affairs :
“ give me leave, however, to ask *you*
“ a few questions. She is not your
“ wife, Sir, as you call her Miss
“ Boyde, and I should be very unwil-
“ ling to believe that she is your mis-
“ tress.”

“ She is neither the one nor the other
“ at present,” replied the Baronet a little
haughtily, “ but will be the former as
“ soon as I can prevail on her to favour
“ me with her hand.”

“ Possibly she may have some near
“ relations, Sir William, whom, not-
“ withstanding the honour you do her by
“ so-

“soliciting her consent, she may wish
“to consult.”

“Relations ?” said the Baronet:
“She had none when I first became
“acquainted with her : she did not know
“even to what family she belonged.”

“Perhaps not, Sir William,” answered the surgeon, “but if you will
“favour me with an account of what
“you know about Miss Boyde, I will
“give you some information concerning
“her, which you do not expect,
“and which may be probably agreeable
“to you, if you have the high
“opinion of her you have expressed.”

“No man can have an higher,” replied Sir William, “I adore her, doat
“on her : keep me, therefore, no
“longer in suspense, but tell me every
“thing

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“thing relating to my Cecilia, my
“angel.”

“Possibly,” said Balmore, smiling
at his eagerness, “I have a prior right
“to expect to hear your relation
“first.”

“I can hardly think so,” said Sir
William, “as she was when I met
“her, and had been from her infancy,
“deserted by those, who must have had
“very strong and very unaccountable
“reasons for leaving such a daughter
“so exposed. It was my good for-
“tune (I boast of no merit for what I
“did for her; as I could not hinder
“myself from doing it) to save her
“from great affliction; to support
“her in sickness; and to be so sensible
“of her inestimable worth, as to wish
“ardently for her recovery that I might
“marry her: the nobleness of her
“senti-

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“ sentiments have hitherto prevented
“ her from consenting, though I am
“ strongly encouraged to believe that
“ I am not totally disliked by her :
“ she even carries her generous prin-
“ ciples to such an height, that she
“ conceals herself from me ; and tho’
“ my dangerous situation brought her
“ to see me, yet I have not been able
“ to prevail on her to inform me where
“ she is.”

“ Gracious Heaven !” cried Mr.
Baltimore, surprised, “ And you do not
“ know where she is ? How unfortu-
“ nate ! Had I staid to speak with her
“ when I was last here, what I should
“ have disclosed to her would have
“ perhaps produced an immediate dis-
“ covery.”

“ And why may not this discovery
“ be made to me, Sir, who am warmly
“ interested in her happiness ?”

“ Why,

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“ Why, there is much delicacy re-
 “ quired in mentioning some events;
 “ but as you really seem quite serious
 “ about the matter, I will tell you, that
 “ eighteen or nineteen years ago a
 “ young lady of a good family, by the
 “ nearness of her neighbourhood, in the
 “ country, to a very agreeable young
 “ fellow, became extravagantly in love
 “ with him; her father’s long and
 “ rooted aversion to him prevented any
 “ public intercourse between them, yet
 “ they were ingenious enough in con-
 “ certing private meetings. On a
 “ sudden, her father proposed another
 “ gentleman to her, and in such a
 “ manner, as to cut off all hopes of his
 “ hearing of a refusal. From the na-
 “ tural obstinacy, indeed, of his
 “ disposition, and his irascible spirit,
 “ he was ever looked upon rather as the
 “ tyrant than the father of his family :
 “ and to his positive commands to his
 “ daughter

“ daughter to receive the gentleman
 “ whom he had chosen for her, were
 “ added threats to turn her into the
 “ street without a six-pence, in case of
 “ a denial. Terrified at so barbarous
 “ a menace, and not knowing how to
 “ act, she flew to her lover, and with
 “ a flood of tears informed him of what
 “ she had just heard, and urged the
 “ impossibility of avoiding so odious
 “ an alliance. From a marriage which
 “ she abhorred, and beggary which she
 “ dreaded, there was no way for her
 “ to escape, but by an elopement with
 “ her lover, which he instantly pro-
 “ posed; but she would by no means
 “ consent to the taking such a step, as
 “ she well knew that his fortune was
 “ very small, and that his father, whose
 “ animosity had been excited and kept
 “ up by her’s, would never forgive him.
 “ Thus distressed, thus doating on each
 “ other, their interviews at length grew

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“ but too tender. The lady in an un-
“ guarded moment, vanquished by her
“ lover’s enchanting powers, sunk into
“ his arms, and he, who had believed
“ himself incapable of taking an im-
“ proper advantage of those powers,
“ forgot every thing but the gratifica-
“ tion of his passion.

“ When they both recovered from
“ the delirium in which their senses had
“ been steeped, the lady not only up-
“ braided her lover in the keenest
“ terms, but severely reproached her-
“ self also for what had happened :
“ while he, taking her in his arms,
“ swore he was glad things had gone
“ so far, as he was then sure she could
“ no longer refuse to marry him.

“ With reluctance they separated,
“ but not till she had consented to what
“ she before would not hear of. He
“ pro-

“ proposed to go in the morning to
 “ London, to prepare every thing for
 “ her escape, and to return to fetch her
 “ the next day.

“ Unfortunately for them both, his
 “ father, having heard what had passed
 “ between them, as their meeting was
 “ in a temple in his garden, going to
 “ town with him that very day, de-
 “ cayed him on board an East India-
 “ man bound for Madrafs, and took
 “ such effectual methods to prevent his
 “ coming ashore, that the lady, hear-
 “ ing nothing about him, fell into a
 “ fever which endangered her life :
 “ she recovered, however, from that
 “ disorder, but her father, by fre-
 “ quently insisting upon her marrying
 “ the gentleman whom he had recom-
 “ mended to her, in the most pe-
 “ remptory manner, almost drove her
 “ to distraction : his arbitrary behaviour

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“ was the more terrifying, as she found
“ herself in a condition which filled
“ her with sensations cutting beyond
“ expression.

“ With the utmost difficulty, how-
“ ever, she at last prevailed on her
“ father to postpone her marriage for
“ one year, during which time, by
“ the assistance of her maid, whom
“ she largely bribed, she concealed
“ the alteration in her shape, and was
“ delivered of a daughter. That
“ daughter she committed to the care
“ of a nurse in a neighbouring village,
“ naming her after herself and her lo-
“ ver, Cecilia Boyde.”

“ Heavens!” interrupted Sir Wil-
liam, “ Is this my Cecilia?”

“ Stay, Sir William,” said Mr. Bal-
more, “ give me leave to finish my
“ tale.—

“ tale.—She dispatched with this pre-
 “ cious charge a handsome sum, and
 “ enjoined her maid to see her often,
 “ intending to pay her nurse so much
 “ a month.

“ Her father again pressing her to
 “ marry, she at length consented; be-
 “ cause she well knew that, in case of
 “ a refusal, he would be too much of-
 “ fended with her to allow her any
 “ thing, if he did not absolutely turn
 “ her out of doors, agreeable to his
 “ foregoing threats, and thereby quite
 “ put it out of her power to provide
 “ for her child: who, as she had re-
 “ ceived no intelligence about its fa-
 “ ther, was now become her only care,
 “ though she very seldom saw her, and
 “ never after her marriage.

“ In about a year from that period
 “ her husband, by his extravagant man-

“ner of living, in all the luxury of
 “the East, where he had made his
 “fortune, had so embarrassed his affairs
 “that he found it necessary to return
 “to the place from which he had
 “brought his riches; and he prepared
 “for the voyage with the greater ala-
 “cridy, as very flattering prospects in-
 “vited him to undertake it. His
 “lady was obliged to accompany
 “him; but she previously left a con-
 “siderable sum with her maid for the
 “support of her daughter, a sum which
 “she, it is supposed, appropriated to
 “her own use.

“After having resided several years
 “in Bengal in great splendor, her
 “husband died; leaving her a large
 “fortune, with which she prepared to
 “return to England. Just at that junc-
 “ture, chance brought Mr. Boyde to
 “Calcutta, where the joy he felt at
 “seeing

“ seeing her again, and of seeing her
 “ at liberty, almost deprived him of his
 “ reason.

“ When the first transports of astonish-
 “ ment and delight subsided, he strove
 “ to recommend himself to her in the
 “ tenderest terms, assuring her he had
 “ preserved himself unmarried entirely
 “ on her account: and he told her the
 “ truth.

“ This renewal of his addresses,
 “ added to her desire of returning to
 “ England, where she hoped to find
 “ her child, and to place her in a situ-
 “ ation suitable to her birth, determined
 “ her to accept of him. As soon, there-
 “ fore, as they could dispose of their
 “ effects properly they quitted India,
 “ and after a tedious voyage landed in
 “ Ireland.---There Mr. Boyde was seized
 “ with a fever which carried him off

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“ in a few days. He left her a great
 “ addition to her fortune, before very
 “ considerable, but nothing was efficaci-
 “ ous enough to console her for his loss,
 “ the expectation of finding her Cecilia
 “ safe and well in England excepted.

“ On her arrival she immediately
 “ enquired after her servant, but was
 “ told that she had been long dead. She
 “ then set out to the village in which her
 “ daughter was put to nurse : to her
 “ great uneasiness she heard that Mrs.
 “ Norton had carried her to London,
 “ where she died : but nobody could
 “ tell what became of her charge.
 “ She then went in search of Mrs.
 “ Norton’s relations, hoping to gain
 “ some information about Cecilia :
 “ she could only learn that she was
 “ carried away from the house in which
 “ her nurse died by a fine young gen-
 “ tleman.

“ This

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“ This intelligence almost distracted
“ her: she concluded that her daughter
“ had fallen into very bad hands;
“ and she can by no means enjoy her
“ affluence.

“ A few days ago, as she and I,
“ (who am the son of her mother's
“ sister) were conversing upon the
“ subject which employs all her
“ thoughts, she took out this miniature
“ drawn for herself, soon after her
“ first marriage, and reckoned very
“ like her. When I came here
“ yesterday, the striking resemblance
“ between the young lady, Sir Wil-
“ liam, whom you called Cecilia, and
“ this portrait, and her name toge-
“ ther, made me hope I had found
“ the daughter of my relation. I
“ therefore hastened here early to-
“ day, with the picture in my pocket,
“ in order to compare it with the young

“ lady. But if you really do not
 “ know, Sir William, where she is,
 “ I am under the greatest concern,
 “ because I flattered myself with being
 “ able to give some comfort to her
 “ afflicted mother.”

“ Not the tenderest of all mothers,”
 replied Sir William, “ can feel half
 “ the anxiety I have suffered from
 “ her concealing herself from me.”

Then turning to Cecil, and laying
 his hand on his shoulder, while
 he looked at him with eyes in
 which supplication was strongly
 painted, he added, “ Can you
 “ still, Harry, refuse to tell me
 “ where to find this amiable girl;
 “ especially, as you are now sensible
 “ that such a discovery is earnestly
 “ desired by those who have a right to
 “ be

"be informed of every thing relating
"to her?"

"How!" cried Balmore, "does
"Mr. Cecil, then, know where Miss
"Boyde is? And can he wish to
"to conceal her from her mo-
"ther?"

"No, Sir," replied Cecil, "I do
"not wish to conceal her from her
"mother, who has certainly a right
"to demand the care of her: my
"refusing to acquaint Sir William
"with her retreat was in consequence
"of her own earnest request, and the
"moment she consents to release me
"from that promise, that moment I
"shall be at liberty to speak, but
"not before."

He then took up his hat and went
directly to Mrs. Beam's, where he was

informed she set out that morning for Devonshire, with Miss Boyde, and had left a note for him in case he called.

Mrs. Beam acquainted him, in her note, with her going to spend the summer upon her estate, and invited him to her house, if he came into that part of the country before the summer was over. Miss Boyde, in a postscript, added her grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Cecil for his having recommended her to so amiable a friend.

Cecil, immediately on the receipt of this intelligence, hurried away to Mr. Balmore, and, when he had told him that the lady who had taken Miss Boyde under her protection, had carried her out of town, asked him if there would be any impropriety in his
waiting

waiting on Mrs. Boyde, as he believed he could perfectly satisfy her with the account he should give of her daughter, till she could be returned to her.

In truth, Cecil had no small suspicion that this might be a contrivance of Sir William's to get Cecilia again into his power without hazarding a second quarrel with him. He therefore thought it prudent to be upon his guard: and upon Balmore's immediately saying he would attend him, they went to Pall-Mall together, where Mrs. Boyde had taken lodgings till she could fix upon a house to her mind.

Balmore, when he entered the house, told Mr. Cecil that he believed he would not think his going first to inform her who was come to visit her, improper.

improper. Cecil, readily consenting, said that he would call at a house in the neighbourhood while he prepared Mrs. Boyde for his reception, and return in half an hour.

That half hour he spent in making enquiries after the lady, the answers to which, from people who knew not his motives, cleared up all his doubts, and were, indeed, extremely satisfactory.

When he returned, he was conducted up stairs by a black servant to the room in which Mrs. Boyde was sitting with Balmore, with her spirits violently agitated.

As soon as she saw Cecil, she rose, and, with a voice almost stifled with her sighs and tears, advanced towards him, and said, "If I speak to Mr.
"Cecil,

“ Cecil, what words can express my
“ gratitude to the preserver of my
“ child? But, Oh! Sir, complete the
“ kindness you have begun, and
“ tell me where to find my long-lost
“ daughter.”

The difficulty with which she uttered those few words, the elegance of her person and appearance, the striking resemblance between her and Cecilia, but, especially, the emotion which could not be counterfeited, and which almost rendered her incapable of supporting herself, convinced him that she was the mother of Miss Boyde, of whom, when she became a little more composed, she spoke more particularly. She blessed Cecil for having preserved her daughter's honour, but at the same time lamented, in the most pathetic terms, her ever having swerved herself from the
paths

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paths of virtue; considering all the unhappiness she had met with in life as a punishment for her acting in opposition to those duties to which she ought to have most strictly adhered. "But Heaven, Sir," continued she, "who sees the sincerity of my penitence, will I hope, in pity to my sufferings, restore my daughter to me, as some consolation for the grief I have felt in being so long deprived of *her*, in being for ever deprived of her dear *father*."

Here a fresh shower of tears interrupted her; but when she recovered from that interruption, she poured out profusely her acknowledgments to Cecil, and intreated him no longer to delay acquainting her with the place which concealed her child.

Cecil,

Cecil, in return, assured her that he would instantly set out with her to the lady with whom Miss Boyde lived ; but added, that he could not accept of praises which he did not deserve : as Sir William Revel was the man who had supported Miss Boyde since the death of Mrs. Norton, and though passionately in love with her, had not taken the slightest advantage of her distress, nor of the regard she, it was thought, felt for him, but had generously offered to make her his wife, even when she had no reason to expect to find any of her family, nor to discover to whom she belonged.

“ Will it not therefore, madam,” continued he, to Mrs. Boyde, who began to feel for Sir William, “ be kind to compassionate a man who is, at this moment, wretched from his uncertainty about her ? ”

“ You

“ You have both behaved nobly to
 “ my child,” cried she. “ Go to your
 “ friend, therefore, Sir, and tell him,
 “ that if my Cecilia has no objection,
 “ a fortune equal to his expectations
 “ waits his acceptance with her. Let
 “ me but fold her in my arms, and I
 “ shall be at peace.”

It was then agreed that Cecil should
 just go to Sir William, and inform
 him of their intended journey to fetch
 Miss Boyde, and that at his return
 they would set off together.

Cecil found the baronet walking
 hastily up and down the room with
 the strongest marks of impatience in
 his countenance, who thus accosted
 him. “ Most dearly, Harry, do you
 “ make me purchase the pleasure of
 “ hearing of my Cecilia —— if ever I
 “ am to be so happy —— but, indeed,
 “ the

“ the suspense under which I at present
“ labour is more than I can support.”

“ Be patient a little while longer,
“ Revel,” replied he, “ and you will
“ be out of your pain. I have seen
“ and conversed with Mrs. Boyde, and
“ am to set out immediately with her to
“ fetch her daughter to town.—You
“ may see her as soon as she arrives.”

“ Happy Cecil,” said Sir William,
“ who will have the satisfaction he
“ cannot enjoy like me, because I am
“ still inclined to flatter myself that
“ his heart is in another place.”

“ By all that’s sacred it is,” replied
Cecil: “ harbour not, therefore, any
“ longer the least distrust. Compose
“ your ruffled spirits, and prepare
“ yourself to see Miss Boyde on her
“ return to London: she will, I dare
“ venture

“venture to assure you, be here in a
“few hours.”

With these words Cecil broke from him, or he would have, doubtless, retarded his departure for Devonshire by a thousand more questions.

When Cecil returned to Mrs. Boyde, they set out, accompanied by Mr. Balmore in a coach and six, and overtook Mrs. Beam and her family at Andover.

It was evening when they arrived. Cecil having found out their inn, sent up his name.

Cecilia started, dreading to hear some bad news about Sir William, and Mrs. Beam was not a little surprised at his coming so soon after her. She admitted him however directly, though

though not without imagining that he also was in love with her young companion: but he soon convinced her that he came not so precipitately in the character of a lover: and sufficiently proved that it was possible for a fine young fellow in the prime of life to travel above sixty miles in pursuit of a handsome girl, meerly from a desire of doing good, and without proposing the least self-gratification of any kind but what arose from the excellence of his disposition, which never would let him be happy himself, had all his fervent wishes been crowned with success, till he saw every creature around him in the same felicitous circumstances, if it was in his power to render them so situated.

Poor Cecilia, though he and Mrs. Beam, whom he soon informed of his business, endeavoured to prepare her

to receive her mother, found herself very unequal to the trial; and when Mrs. Boyde, upon entering, hurried to take her in her arms, fell speechless into them, without sense or motion.

Mrs. Boyde, with all the agonies of a mother at her death-like appearance screamed out, "Oh! My child, my daughter! I have lost my poor dear child!"

Cecilia, however, soon recovering, experienced all the felicity that could be expected in meeting with a mother so extremely satisfied in finding a daughter every way deserving of her maternal tenderness.

The moment Mrs. Boyde was a little come to herself she poured forth her effusions of gratitude to Mr. Cecil and to Mrs. Beam; and while the former

former assured her he had never felt greater happiness than in the enjoyment of the affecting scene which had just engaged his attention, the latter earnestly invited both Mrs. Boyde and Cecil to accompany her to Devonshire, declaring that she did not know how to part with her young friend: but Mrs. Boyde, who had too sensibly felt the pangs of a tender disappointment herself, read in the eyes of her daughter the anxiety she endured on Sir William's account: therefore, after having again very politely thanked Mrs. Beam, she told her she must return to London with Cecilia, but promised to embrace the first opportunity of bringing her to pay her respects to her. She agreed, however, to stay a few days with her where she was, as she was too much disordered with the emotions she had suffered to go back to town immediately.

Cecil,

Cecil, though impatient to be in town, remained with them, in compliance with their intreaties, but wrote a long letter that evening to Sir William, on the receipt of which he directly set out to meet them upon the road; believing that he should be happier in being only a few miles nearer his Cecilia.

On the day Cecil set out with Mrs. Boyde on her way to Devonshire, Colonel Tylney called on Sir William, and speaking of his being gone out of town to some gentlemen at St. James's Coffee-House, where they used to meet, they replied, "Ay, gone out of town upon
"a very agreeable scheme, to fetch one
"of the finest girls in England."

This report, as Tylney really believed it to be true, he seriously repeated in the evening at his sister's.

Lady

Lady Frances blushed, and turned pale alternately, while Mrs. Foly, who saw and pitied her confusion, kindly gave her an opportunity to retire, by immediately asking her if she would not take the trouble to step up and look at her new sack, which was just come home, before it was dark.

Lady Frances, thanking her friend in her heart for this excuse, slipped out of the room, and by so doing, prevented the colonel's making any observations; tho' indeed he was but very little inclined to spend his time in that manner: for as he was continually receiving new proofs of his wife's indiscretion, and Miss Popham's insolence, his home became almost insupportable: he therefore spent many hours with Lady Frances and Mrs. Foley, the latter of whom, by her chearful conversation, and perpe-

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tual good humour and good sense, made him but too plainly perceive the difference between her and Mrs. Tylney, and made him also wish that he had chosen a more prudent companion for life.

Whenever such wishes disturbed his mind, and disturb it they did, whenever he was in the presence of Mrs. Foley, he frequently fixed his eyes on her, and then threw them down again with a sigh, as if his heart was bursting.

Mrs. Foley, who, it has been said before wanted not penetration, observed the increasing dejection of the colonel, and had often talked it over with Lady Frances, who was extremely concerned both at his uneasiness, and the cause of it. Yet did she by no means think it proper to mention his

his family affairs to him, fearing that, by taking notice of them, she should not only disgust him, but force them upon his memory, at a time when he wished to have them buried in oblivion. She therefore carefully strove to divert his thoughts, by conversing upon other topics, and was, from mere good nature and compassion, humanely assisted by her lively friend, whom Lady Frances often importuned also (if it can be supposed that she wanted importunity to oblige her) to sing.

With Mrs. Foley's singing, the colonel became so charmed, that he at last ventured to ask her himself: but an expressed desire to hear her, was the only compliment which she ever received from him, in return for the exertion of her musical powers which were considerable; for her taste was

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extremely pure, and her execution masterly.

His praises, however, indirect as they were, and seemingly of no consequence, threw her in a little time off her guard, and made her treat him with all the freedom and good humour of a sister: but, though his behaviour had no particular effect upon her, the new attractions he every day found in her, softened his heart, naturally tender and ductile, and already deeply wounded, to such a degree, that he grew absolutely enamoured of her, though he was long unwilling to believe that he really was so.

A little incident, however, thoroughly opened his eyes, pointed out the dangerousness of his situation, and made him tremble for the consequences,

Soon

Soon after Sir William's meeting with Cecilia, Sir Ambrose Selkirk, young handsome, and possessed of a large estate, accidentally fell into conversation with Mrs. Foley at Ranelagh, and was so pleased with her, that he intreated a common acquaintance of them both to mention him as her great admirer, and to find out, if possible, whether his addresses would be acceptable.

His friend performed her part, but not being a favourite with Mrs. Foley, nor a person to whom she chose to make a discovery of her sentiments, she determined not to understand her, and accordingly sent her away not a little piqued at her raillery.

Just while Lady Frances was laughing at her fair friend about her new conquest, Colonel Tylney came in.

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As it was no secret, they were under no reserve upon the occasion, but continued to talk as freely before the colonel as if he had not been present.

Lady Frances being sent for out of the room, the colonel, who had been silent from the first mention of Sir Ambrose as the lover of Mrs. Foley, asked her, somewhat abruptly, if she had done the gentleman the honour to accept of his addresses.

“What do you think, colonel?” said she, still thoughtlessly laughing at what had past; “or rather what would you advise me to do? You are a sober, serious domestic creature now, and your opinion would have ten times more weight with me than that of any single young fellow in the universe.”

“You

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"You honour me extremely, madam," replied he, "if you are serious :
"but whether you are or not, my
"wishes for your felicity will ever be
"the same. If you love Sir Ambrose,"
added he, sighing, "may you be
"happy, as the pleasures resulting from
"an agreeable union can make you."

He paused here: the subject was too interesting to suffer him to proceed. He turned away, and covered his face with his hand.

The widow, having really intended nothing by her question, but to draw the colonel out of his serious mood, and make him join in the laugh with her, was so struck with the solemnity of his reply, together with the supposition of her loving a man for whom she actually did not care sixpence, cried out with vivacity, perfectly regardless of his

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emotions, " Love him? I love him?
" My dear, dear colonel, how could
" such a notion possibly get into your
" head?"

Tylney, though he longed to have it in his power to declare his own passion for her, was so transported to find her so indifferent, as he now believed her to be to all men, that he could scarcely conceal his satisfaction: with more cheerfulness than she had for a long time observed in him, he said, he was particularly happy in finding himself to be of the same way of thinking with her, as he did not imagine from what little he knew about the gentleman in question, that he could deserve her; that indeed, any other man could deserve her.

" Nay, now colonel," cried she smiling, " you deserve one of my very best
" curtesies

“curtesies. But stay, on second thoughts
 “the compliment is so extremely high
 “flown, that I must be possessed of a
 “much larger portion of vanity than
 “falls to my share to suppose it quite
 “free from flattery.”

“Would to heaven, madam, I could
 “flatter you,” replied he, with the
 greatest emotion, “or that I had never
 “known it was impossible.”

With these words he immediately
 left the room, lest he should no longer
 be able to restrain himself, and left
 her in astonishment, as she was entire-
 ly at a loss at that time to compre-
 hend him, and really believed his do-
 mestic uneasiness had touched him too
 nearly. That uneasiness was, indeed,
 increasing every hour, from the folly
 of Mrs. Tylney, who, not content
 with indulging a thousand ridiculous ex-

penfive whims at home, was perpetually coquetting with every man she met with abroad; while Maria took care to keep her so employed, that she might pursue her own affairs uninterrupted.

The young fellow, who had singled her out at Ranelagh, from her genteel appearance and connections, at first imagined her to be possessed of a fortune worth pursuing, which opinion she studiously endeavoured to keep up, as she began to believe she should soon find a husband more necessary than ever, whether he could support her in a way agreeable to her taste or not, having been drawn into an amour with a Mr. Floyd, whom she first encouraged, as she had done Sir William, in hopes of an honourable settlement, but finding him neither easily to be duped, nor willing to give her up entirely, she, at length fell a victim to her own folly:

so artfully concealing her indiscretion, however, from her other lover, Mr. Mawson, that he was ignorant of the extremity to which she had carried it. But as that amour had been productive of some disagreeable consequences, she was prompted by the most prudential motives to press Mawson to come to a conclusion. Finding him rather slow in his movements, and very rightly conjecturing that the uncertainty about her fortune was the cause of his delay, she exercised her wits to procure what she was in no shape legally entitled to.

Maria, as she frequently called on Mrs. Towerden, necessarily heard of the ill run of their affairs, which could not be repaired by the very handsome sum which the colonel had given them: she knew that Mrs. Towerden had a design to wheedle him out of more money; but knew also that though

the colonel always behaved extremely well to his wife, yet he was by no means so fond of her as he had been. He certainly, indeed, forbore saying many things to her concerning the regulation of her conduct, on account of her being with child, and it was from that circumstance alone Maria hoped she might have still influence enough over Mr. Tylney to gain a farther sum for Mrs. Towerden, part of which she wanted, by some contrivance, to share with her, if possible, in order to forward her own schemes.

With this view, she told Mrs. Towerden, one day, that she would speak to Mrs. Tylney to get five hundred pounds more for her father, provided she would leave the management of the affair entirely to her, and not mention it either to her daughter or the colonel.

Mrs.

Mrs. Towerden readily acquiesced, as she hated to be taken off, even on the most important occasions, from her literature ; and as she plainly saw that her daughter was grown too much a fine lady to pay any regard to her ; being sensible also that the former sum was entirely extorted from the good-nature and generosity of the colonel, who was then more attached to Clarissa, and consequently more willing to re-instate her father's affairs.

Miss Popham, therefore, undertook to persuade Mrs. Tylney to teaze her husband out of another thousand ; a sum he was with the greatest difficulty prevailed on to advance as his fortune was considerably injured by the imprudent management of his wife and Maria, and by his own total neglect, arising first from too great a fondness for Clarissa, and afterwards a thorough disrelish for every

every thing at home, where he was as little as possible, to the no small satisfaction of the ladies of the family.

For some time the colonel remained immoveable to his wife's intreaties, but a counterfeit swoon, followed by a few tears, the epithets barbarous, inhuman, and these words which Miss Popham had dictated to her, "If you have no tenderness left for me, yet have some compassion for your poor infant who now suffers for your unkind refusal," at last forced the money from him. He threw the bills into Clarissa's lap, gave her a faint kiss, bade her not be a simpleton, and went to his sister's, where the entertaining conversation of Mrs. Foley soon obliterated all remembrance of his domestic disquiet, during the moments he passed with her, but her conversation only served to render his moments at home doubly disgusting.

While

While these transactions were going forward in town, Sir William having sometimes employed himself in looking out of the window at Staines, and sometimes in riding backwards and forwards between that place and Hartly-Row, by a too great eagerness to meet his Cecilia, somehow missed of her.

On his return to Staines, however, he was lucky enough to find the horses just taken from the coach in the inn-yard, and seeing Cecil giving directions in the larder, he flew to him and asked him if he might not be permitted to pay his respects to Mrs. Boyde and to her lovely daughter.

Cecil smiled at his impatience, and in going up stairs, told him he would send for him presently.

He

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He immediately acquainted Mrs. Boyde with his arrival who desired to see him.

Mr. Balmore was dispatched to intreat him to walk up.

Cecilia, in the mean time, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, said, "Have I your leave, my dear madam, to shew my gratitude to Sir William for all that he has done for me?"

"Freely, most freely, my child," replied she, "the better you acquit yourself in the performance of that duty, the more you will endear yourself to me."

The entrance of Sir William prevented Cecilia from making a verbal answer,

answer, an affectionate kiss was all her reply.

Mr. Balmore presented Sir William to Mrs. Boyde who received him with great esteem, and made both very polite and very sincere acknowledgments to him for his consideration for her child, at whom he, during the delivery of them, levelled some impassioned glances.

Then, asking Mrs. Boyde leave to address her daughter, he advanced with a respectful tenderness to Cecilia, which, added to what she had before felt for him, affected her so much, that instead of replying to the delicate compliments he paid her, she could only give him her hand, till a shower of melting tears relieved her full heart.

Sir

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Sir William led her to a chair, placed himself near her, wiped away the trickling drops from each blushing cheek, and strove, by a thousand soothing expressions, to restore her to her former cheerfulness.

Recovering herself a little, she said,
“ I am ashamed, Sir William, to receive
“ you thus ; *you* whom I have so ear-
“ nestly wished to see, *you* to whom I
“ am so much indebted, and whose
“ late dangerous situation has cost me
“ such extreme anxiety : but believe
“ me, the joy arising from this unex-
“ pected interview, and the happiness
“ I felt in being capable, through my
“ dear mother’s goodness to me, of
“ making some grateful returns for
“ all you have done for me, quite
“ deprived me of the power of
“ speech.”

“ My

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"My dearest angel," replied Sir William, "only give me leave to call you mine, only put it into my power to give you perpetual proofs of my tenderest affection, and tell me that you shall be happy in receiving them. ——— I ask no more."

Cecilia was still too much agitated by the sensations she endured to say a great deal, but her gentle looks, and the feeble opposition she made to his endearments, so perfectly assured him of the satisfaction she received from being permitted by her mother to listen to him, that he could scarce set bounds to his transports: his transports, however, were a little interrupted by her desiring, when he pressed for an early day, to have time to acquire some accomplishments, such as French, dancing, &c. &c. &c. ———

that

that she might appear with more propriety as his wife.

Pleased as he was with her desire to improve herself, he again and again told her she wanted no charm in *his* eyes, and begged that what she would as well attain after marriage as before, might not retard his happiness.

Mrs. Boyde, seeming inclined to take Sir William's side of the question, Miss Boyde submitted to *her* better judgment, and Cecil very good naturedly stepped into Sir William's post-chaise when they set out for London, that his friend might occupy his place near Cecilia in the coach; for which friendly movement, and many other kind offices, the baronet would have expressed the warmest acknowledgments, had not Cecil ordered the post-boy to drive most expeditiously to Albemarle

Albemarle-street and to set him down at Lady Frances Tylney's.

Cecil found her Ladyship at home, with her friend.

They both started at his sudden appearance: but there was such a seriousness in the features, such a coolness in the manners of the former, that he, fearing he had committed some impropriety, said, "I beg pardon, Lady Frances, for waiting on you thus covered with dust, and in my travelling dress; but the longing desire I had to pay my earliest respects to you, for your many polite enquiries after me during my confinement, would not suffer me to postpone the pleasure of seeing you till I had changed my cloaths."

Lady

Lady Frances, having by this time recovered herself enough to reply, said, though very gravely, that she was glad to see Mr. Cecil in any dress.

“But why,” cried the lively Mrs. Foley, “did you go galloping a long journey when you was hardly in a travelling condition? Surely you will allow that you did not by so doing act with your usual prudence.”

“When you are acquainted with his motives,” said Colonel Tylney, who that moment entered the room, “you will, I am persuaded, no longer condemn him.”

He then immediately related the adventures of Sir William and Miss Boyde, saying, he supposed they might now be declared, and very fairly gave
Cecil

Cecil his due praise throughout the whole course of his behaviour upon so interesting an occasion.

During this recital, Cecil sat not quite easy in his seat, but it so deeply affected Lady Frances, that, as soon as her brother had finished his narration, she rose, and on some frivolous pretence was going to leave the room, with her eyes dimmed with tears, and her heart swelling with the tenderest emotions.

Meeting with some difficulty in opening the door, from her haste to hide her confusion, Cecil instantly quitted his chair, to assist her: in so doing he saw what he knew not she wished to conceal, and from a motive which, though he also was desirous not to discover it, compelled him to feel a kind of tender compassion; by
which

which compassion he was also involuntarily prompted to seize her hand. Pressing it gently, he said, with a voice and look that went to her heart, "You are not well, I am afraid, Lady
 "Frances : let me call for something
 "for you : let me assist you to get to
 "your apartment."

Poor Lady Frances, who grew still more and more disconcerted the more his solicitude about her increased, suffered him to lead her to a chair in the next room, where, no longer able to conceal her sensations, but by concealing her face with her handkerchief, she drew it from her pocket, and gave a free course to her tears, while Cecil stood by silently looking on her with emotions of tenderness and transport, little inferior to those which agitated *her* gentle bosom.

Fearful

Fearful, however, of having her behaviour misconstrued, or of being supposed more willing to receive the addresses of Cecil than he was ready to make them, she at length rose, and, while her fine eyes shone with sensibility, said, with the most enchanting sweetness, "I am sorry, Mr. Cecil, " I alarmed you just now, but really " the heart must be incapable of feeling very little indeed, which can be " unmoved by the affecting narrative " in which you bore so considerable a " part, and distinguished yourself in " so amiable a manner."

With these few words she reached the door of the room she came from, and Cecil had only time to thank her for her approbation of his conduct by a respectful bow and look, which expressed more than volumes upon the subject could have done, and soon

afterwards took his leave. He was followed by the colonel, who left the ladies to talk over the merit of his friend, each in her own characteristical manner.

“Notwithstanding the vast admiration I am going to confess I feel for all those who are capable of discovering so much real greatness of mind as we have just now observed in Mr. Cecil,” said Mrs. Foley, “will you not laugh at me, Lady Frances, when I tell you that I actually wish he was not so amiable as he is?”

“Why now this declaration, my dear Henrietta,” said Lady Frances, “is not expressive of that good-nature and general good-will for which I always admired you. If Cecil had not been so careful of his friend’s

“ friend’s interest, Miss Boyde might
 “ never have found her mother : she
 “ might, indeed, from the extreme
 “ generosity of her heart, young and
 “ unexperienced, have fallen a victim
 “ to her tenderness for Sir William,
 “ who, when once possessed of her
 “ person, would have perhaps forgot
 “ what was due to honour, and never
 “ more reminded her of what she from
 “ her excessive regard for him had
 “ refused ; would have neglected,
 “ through false shame, to repair a fault
 “ which in time would in all probability
 “ have rendered them both miserable.
 “ To Cecil’s honest, friendly interpo-
 “ sition, therefore, is entirely owing
 “ the felicity of these agreeable young
 “ people, as he has, purely from his
 “ inherent love of rectitude, brought
 “ to view those virtues which, with-
 “ out his assistance, might have never
 “ appeared.”

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“ And so, because I told you that
“ I could not bear this man’s uncom-
“ mon merit,” said Mrs. Foley, “ you
“ must blazon it forth to me in the
“ strongest colours. What a pretty
“ way have you taken to cure me of
“ my partiality for him !”

“ How then would you have me act,
“ child,” replied Lady Frances smi-
ling ; “ shall I tell him that you are in
“ love with him ?”

“ No — I am not in love with him:
“ love is a mighty low sensation, and
“ very inadequate to the greatness of
“ my feelings : I absolutely revere
“ him ; I look up to him, with a
“ kind of awe, as to a superior be-
“ ing ; he is too good to be sported
“ and trifled with.”

“ And

“And cannot you love what you
 “revere?” said Lady Frances gravely.
 “Oh! No,” — replied Mrs. Foley,
 “his superiority to me would exclude
 “love — that passion cannot heartily
 “subsist between two people without
 “some equality between them.”

Lady Frances laughed at the forcible expressions of her cheerful friend; and, in answer, said, she might possibly be in the right, adding, “I suppose the great inequality between
 “Mr. Cecil and myself has prevented him from ever feeling *that* passion for me.”

The entrance of company interrupted a conversation between the two agreeable friends of which they were seldom tired; though, as the history of Miss Boyde, by that time, became generally talked of, they had both

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the sweet satisfaction to hear their admired hero mentioned in the highest terms by all their acquaintance.

As soon as Mrs. Tylney was possessed of the notes which she had demanded, Miss Popham had art enough to make her believe half the sum was necessary, partly to defray some extra expences attending the preparations of her lying-in, and partly to reward her for the care and pains she was at to procure her all kind of amusement, and to assist her in making a dupe of the colonel. The other *five hundred* she, by her order, carried to Mrs. Towerden, whom she found in her night cap half scratched off her head, a dirty short bed-gown over her shoulders: her nose was crammed with rappee; and she was up to the first joints of her fingers in ink, writing a satire on luxury and the want of economy

œconomy, which were likely, she said, to ruin this nation entirely.

“Never, never,” cried she, lifting up her hands and eyes, “was there
 “so general a passion for dissipation,
 “never so total a neglect of domestic
 “virtue. Our women,” continued she, “know not what it means, and
 “our men, who ought to be their guides
 “and instructors, never practise it:
 “but, indeed, many of them are so
 “barbarously ignorant themselves—
 “Well—whoever lives to see it, will
 “find us mouldering away by degrees.
 “luxury was the destruction of the
 “Romans, the brave, the learned,
 “the elegant Romans, and we are
 “but too closely following their foot-
 “steps. It actually makes me shud-
 “der, whenever I give myself leave
 “to reflect on the degeneracy of a
 “nation so celebrated for arts and
 F 4 “arms;

“arms; and we Britons, at present, very nearly resemble that
 “once flourishing, once prodigious
 “people.”

“Lard, madam,” interrupted Maria, who had not paid attention to a single syllable of what she had heard,
 “I wonder you are not dressed yet;
 “Mrs. Tylney has bought the sweetest
 “sack to receive company in when
 “she sits up — it is a white lustring,
 “with the most elegant silver flounces:
 “it shows to prodigious advantage over
 “a hoop: the colonel hates a hoop;
 “but what signifies that, I cannot
 “bear to hear men pretend to talk of
 “fashions, as they cannot, possibly,
 “be any judges of the matter, any
 “more than I am of writing: she has
 “got also the five hundred pounds
 “for you madam; here they are.”

“’Tis

" 'Tis very well, Popham," replied
 the lady carelessly, throwing the notes
 on her standish; " Mr. Towerden, I
 " suppose, will expect to have them
 " all: men, as I was observing child,
 " are, in general, so grossly void of
 " understanding—Why now this very
 " poem, which has cost me so many
 " sleepless nights (and it is as full of
 " the most pointed satire as any thing
 " written by Pope or Churchill; for I
 " swear to you I would not yield to
 " either of them with regard to solidity
 " of sentiment, strength of expression,
 " or poetic fire) this very poem,
 " when Mr. Towerden read it yester-
 " day at my desire, that I might be
 " able to form some judgment about
 " the running smoothness of the versi-
 " fication, before I repeated it in pub-
 " lic, poor man! he told me that he
 " could not make sense of such a
 " piece of blotted paper. Heavens!
 " how

“how illiterate! Oh! Popham, Pop-
 ham, if ever you marry, take care
 never to espouse a man who has not
 a proper sense of your capacity, and
 who is not capable of paying a just
 deference to your genius. Had
 Mr. Towerden been blest with but
 the smallest tincture of literature,
 with the smallest portion of intellec-
 tual powers, my vast abilities must
 ere now have made so considerable
 an addition to the fortune which I
 brought him, that I should have
 equalled a nabob in wealth; but
 his taste, so entirely in opposition to
 mine, or rather his no taste at all,
 has made him muddle away every
 thing, and plunge us into difficul-
 ties, from which not all my vi-
 gour of genius can extricate us:
 tis a most deplorable thing, Pop-
 ham, to be deficient in intellects,
 because your talents, were they to
 shine

“ shine with ever so much lustre,
 “ are in danger of being totally ob-
 “ scured by the immense ignorance
 “ of the helpless animal with whom
 “ you are condemned. Were I a
 “ man, and in the house, I would
 “ certainly vote that all women, both
 “ with superior understandings, should
 “ have the whole management of not
 “ only the poor, piddling, domestic
 “ œconomy, which some idle male
 “ creatures are willing enough to leave
 “ to our inspection, merely through
 “ indolence, but the absolute direc-
 “ tion of the fortune should be given
 “ up to us. I have written two such
 “ treatises, the one on the educa-
 “ tion of children, especially females,
 “ which more properly and particu-
 “ larly ought to be under our guid-
 “ ance, though I make no doubt but
 “ that I am very well qualified to edu-
 “ cate a son fit for any of our colleges:

“ and I should have sufficiently proved
 “ my abilities in that way if I had ever
 “ been blessed with a man child : but
 “ Mr. Towerden is such a poor, pu-
 “ ling creature —— Yet, heaven de-
 “ fend me from casting aspersions on
 “ any body : I always detested scan-
 “ dal; those women only have recourse
 “ to that whose capacities will but just
 “ enable them to conduct a tea table,
 “ or regulate a card party.—What an
 “ astonishing difference is there among
 “ us human beings !—Now for my
 “ second treatise ; *that* is on the do-
 “ mestic duties of a wife. No woman
 “ living understands the subject bet-
 “ ter, has considered it more intense-
 “ ly, nor has digested it with greater
 “ accuracy. — Stay a moment and I
 “ will read it to you.”

“ It is impossible, now,” said Maria,
 stuffing her handkerchief into her
 mouth.

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mouth to stifle a laugh, “Mrs. Tyl-
“ney may be in labour before I get
“home.”

“Poor dear creature!” cried the
mother. — “Well, we must all
“endure before we arrive at any de-
“gree of perfection. I swear to you,
“child, I have suffered more acute
“pangs in the formation of my *petites*
“*pieces* here than ever any mother did
“in her keenest maternal throws.”

Mrs. Towerden now, unluckily,
came too near the point for Maria to
stay any longer: she therefore rushed
out of hearing, and hastening home to
Clarissa, diverted her not a little with
her mother’s folly.

The evening of that day was ap-
pointed by Miss Popham for a private
interview with Mr. Mawson, whose
visits

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visits were not unknown to Mrs. Tylney, though she was never present at them, Maria not chusing to trust her lover with the too frequent sight of so pretty a face. But Mr. Floyd's approaches were always secret, as he was never admitted when either the colonel or Clarissa was in the way: he was not however unacquainted with the person of the latter; on the contrary, he greatly admired her, and would have been very well pleased to have directed his *douceurs* equally to the two friends, had Maria been as willing to furnish him with an opportunity to act in that manner.

It so happened that Mrs. Tylney being near her time, was not well enough to go with the party according to her engagement that night, but was forced to sit at home by herself, as Maria would not upon any account
put

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put off *her* interview, hoping it would prove decisive : as she could not, however, decently keep Mrs. Tylney out of the parlour, she ordered the servants to conduct Mr. Mawson into her own dressing-room, as it would require no small address to bring him to the terms she wanted.

They sat late : Maria having talked largely of the fortune she should one day inherit, and of the sum she actually had in possession, Mawson began, at last, to be almost won over to matrimony, when a noise on the stairs made Miss Popham wonder what could be the matter, as the colonel seldom was in sufficient spirits to be so riotous; but who can express her surprise, when the door of her apartment opened, and discovered Mr. Floyd with his cloaths unbuttoned, and with his hair much out of order ?

He

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He ran up to her with all the vivacity of an innamorato, who, having drank a glass or two more of claret than usual, finds himself just enough exhilarated by it to make him ripe for a frolick; but the very erect attitude of Maria, which was attended with a look at once full of astonishment and scorn, occasioned him to cry out, "Hay, child, what's in the wind now? Whence comes that pretty demure look on a sudden?"

Turning his head at that instant, he saw Mawson standing like a statue of surprise, with his eyes fixed and his mouth open, and added, "So you are engaged to-night it seems, I perceive I am an intruder, Ma'am!—Well! —your servant, my dear." Then turning carelessly to Mawson, he said, "Sir, I wish you much pleasure with the lady. Confound the jilt." and having quitted the room was going down stairs; but

but just as he passed Mrs. Tylney's chamber, the door was a jar, and he saw her sitting at a table in an elegant undress.

As she looked towards him to see who came out of Miss Popham's dressing-room, he perceived, or imagined at least that he perceived, no aversion in her looks : being warmed therefore by the wine which he had drank, and by his resentment against Maria, he stepped into the room, shut the door, and advanced to Mrs. Tylney in a posture of admiration.

She rose immediately, in order to call somebody, but he presently hindered her from coming on, with a deluge of fine speeches, and by degrees so chained her down, with the assistance of adulation, to her chair, that she thought no more of bidding him leave her :

her: she only asked him, several times who he was, and from whence he came.

To neither of these questions did he suppose any reply necessary. The youth and beauty indeed of the lady, and the serene satisfaction with which she seemed to listen to his flattering compliments, gave him infinite delight, and he began to conceive hopes that he might, if he conducted his *manœuvres* with skill, stand no bad chance to be well rewarded for the disappointment he had met with from the coquetry of Maria, whom he cursed in his heart, for a confounded jilt, and fairly wished both her and his successful rival at the devil.

Just while he was kissing one of Mrs. Tylney's hands with rapture, and while she was considering whether she should be very angry and ring the bell or not: just

just at that fatal moment, when he was meditating still greater freedoms—the door opened, and—in came Colonel Tylney.

To describe the colonel's astonishment will be no easy task; for tho' he had been for some time convinced that his wife was a little coquette, he never imagined she would have carried matters so far as to have an appointment with an handsome young fellow in her bed-chamber.

Floyd was not much less disconcerted: he knew the colonel, and he knew he had no business to be in his house at all, especially in his chamber, with his wife too, taking liberties with her by no means to be defended: liberties which he would not have perhaps attempted, had he not been drinking.

ing, and had he not been in a very amorous humour.

The sudden appearance of Tylney, however, which his lady had given him no reason to expect, immediately restored him to his perfect senses, and he as immediately begged the colonel's pardon. Then taking up his hat he prepared to quit the room.

The colonel, who, though he was (as has been said) of a mild temper, did not want courage : he therefore stopped him, and said, " I don't at all understand what you mean by being in my apartment, Sir. I must insist upon your giving me instant satisfaction," taking him by the arm to go down stairs.

Mrs. Tylney, in the greatest confusion and terror, called to the colonel to stay and hear her.

Floyd,

Floyd, though a man of pleasure, had as much spirit as the colonel, yet, very justly imagining that he should give no proof of his courage by attempting to run a man through the body whom he had appeared to have injured, merely by way of reparation, and wishing besides to say something in Mrs. Tylney's behalf, stepped back and told him that he could give him all necessary satisfaction there, better than in any other place.—“ My business here, Sir,” said he, “ was to visit Miss Popham, “ who lives in your house, and who, “ by the way, is a confounded flirt; “ for she has, at this moment, a young “ fellow with her, who, its very easy to “ see, entertains her upon the same “ plan.—But to the point; being there— “ fore quite confounded at meeting with “ such an unexpected disappointment, as “ I had always been received in a different “ manner, I was going down stairs in a “ cursed

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“ cursed ill humour, as you may be-
“ lieve, when, seeing your lady alone,
“ I took the liberty just to step in for a
“ single moment to beg her to tell me
“ if she knew who my rival was, and
“ whether he had been used to pay
“ his addresses thus to my goddess in
“ private.”

“ And so,” replied the colonel,
“ you spent that single moment in
“ taking the most impudent liberties
“ with my wife; at the same time dou-
“ bly affronting me by supposing her
“ either capable of admitting such
“ freedoms, or of conniving at the in-
“ trigues of a girl whom, from our ig-
“ norance of her indiscreet conduct, we
“ have kept in our house, urged meerly
“ by the most humane motives. But
“ she shall remain in it no longer than
“ I have finished my business with you,
“ Sir.”

“ By

“ By all that’s solemn,” said Floyd,
 “ you injure Mrs. Tyney extremely,
 “ and wrong me if you imagine I had
 “ any sinister design: I was just come
 “ from the star and garter, where
 “ I had been tossing down bumpers
 “ ever since dinner, which, possibly,
 “ gave a flow to my spirits, and hurried
 “ me to be guilty of some little im-
 “ proprieties in my behaviour, for
 “ which I have once asked your par-
 “ don, and I now ask it again, because
 “ I am sensible I am have been wrong,
 “ though not intentionally so: but
 “ though I scorn to take advantage of
 “ you, as I am myself only to blame,
 “ and endanger your life for a folly
 “ proceeding entirely from a thought-
 “ less *gaieté de cœur*, yet I want not
 “ courage nor spirit to act like a
 “ man of honour; if you do not, there-
 “ fore, find yourself contented with me
 “ by to-morrow morning, a single line,
 “ colonel,

“colonel, will bring me immediately
 “to give you any other satisfaction.”

With these words he instantly quitted the house, and left the colonel to assist Mrs. Tylney, who, while they were parlying upon the top of the stairs, had fallen into a fainting fit, out of which it was not in his power to recover her; he therefore rang, and called so loudly for help, that Mr. Mawson would no longer be with-held by Miss Popham from rushing out of the house, which had been, he plainly heard, for some time, in no small confusion. Maria, indeed, had not been able to pacify him, with all her art, or, in the least, stifle his suspicions with regard to Mr. Floyd, though she had over and over with tears declared that the intruder was some drunken man who had broken into the house by mistake; and though she had employed all the time after the departure

departure of Mr. Floyd to make him considered in that light, he made several efforts to leave her. Part of what passed between the colonel and his rival had reached his ears, imperfectly indeed, but what he heard was sufficient to oblige him to leave her for ever.

On his coming out of the dressing-room, Tylney, who had left his wife to the care of her servants, came up to him: (Maria, in the utmost consternation and vexation, endeavouring to conceal herself behind him) and asked him what business he had in *his* house.

"None at all now, colonel," replied he, "for I am going to remove from it immediately."

"Pray then take Maria with you," said the colonel, "for she stays not a moment longer here."

“ There I must desire to be excused,
 “ Sir,” answered Mawson, going out,
 “ for I have no longer any connections
 “ with the lady, and shall resign her
 “ to the care of my happy rival.”

Maria, shocked beyond expression
 at the whole proceedings of the even-
 ing, but especially of the latter part of
 it, attempted to soften the colonel in
 her favour, and with abundance of com-
 plaints, accompanied with sighs and
 tears, of her barbarous treatment, desired
 to see her dear Mrs. Tylney.

“ That’s impossible,” replied the
 colonel, “ she is too ill at present to see
 “ any body, and was she as well as
 “ before you occasioned the disorder
 “ she is fallen into, proceeding entirely
 “ from your indiscreet conduct in my
 “ house, you should not see her again.
 “ Convey yourself, therefore, from
 “ hence,

“hence, immediately, never to return;
 “your cloaths shall be sent after you
 “to-morrow.”

He then took her by the hand, and led her down stairs, though she flounced and wondered what he meant, saying that nobody should dare to attack *her* character; and though she endeavoured to wheedle him to let her stay by weeping and protesting she could die sooner than leave her dear Clarissa, her amiable young friend.

When he got her into the parlour, he sent his man for a hackney-coach, and having hurried her into it roughly, bade her never let him see her face any more.

Maria, finding matters carried to such an height, set no bounds to her

passion, she swore he should repent of what he had done; protested that she would have justice, if she laid down her life for it, and ordered the coachman to drive to Mr. Towerden's.

When the colonel returned to his wife, he found her restored to her senses, but so exceeding ill, that he grew alarmed about her, and sent for all proper assistance. He sent also to her mother, but the servant did not arrive before Miss Popham had told a fine story of her own invention to Mrs. Towerden.

Mrs. Towerden, however, left her in order to go to the colonel's, where she found her daughter delivered of a dead child quite senseless and given over.

Tylney,

Tylney, though he had long ceased to look upon Clarissa in the light he first beheld her, as she had been entirely altered by her own imprudent conduct and the pernicious counsels of Maria, yet could not see a fine young creature in the bloom of youth and beauty, lie in so deplorable a condition without being extremely affected, and the more so as he was fearful the discovery he had made that night had partly frightened her into her dangerous situation, a situation, indeed, for which he was by no means answerable, as he could not well have acted in another manner.

Strongly prompted by compassion, therefore, he spared no pains to restore her, but exerted himself very strenuously to procure all possible help.

While he was in this distressed condition Mrs. Towerden proposed to the colonel to send for Maria (who had lost no time to endeavour to bring her over to her party) that her daughter, if her senses returned, might have the satisfaction of seeing near her a person whom she had loved from a child.

“ I am very sorry, madam, to refuse you any thing,” replied the colonel, “ at so alarming a moment ;
“ but my poor Clarissa will, I fear,
“ never be able to enjoy the society
“ of any friend again : and if she
“ should recover, she will, I am certain, be so thoroughly convinced of
“ the just reasons I had for treating
“ Miss Popham as she deserves, as not
“ to wish to see her, nor will that infamous girl have the insolence, I
“ imagine, to think of returning to a
“ family she has so deeply injured.—
“ Would

"Would to heaven I had never seen
 "her!"

"But my dear Mr. Tylney," said
 Mrs. Towerden, "things may have
 "been misrepresented; the world is
 "full of scandal; it is one of the no-
 "torious vices of the age: and I in-
 "tend, when I have a little recovered
 "from the flurry that poor child
 " (looking very composedly on her
 " daughter who lay in an agony) has
 " put me in, to write an epic poem
 " on the subject of defamation: I
 " shall personify slander, and make her
 " a female and a goddess, presiding
 " over the tea-table. I have some
 " thoughts of composing it in cantos,
 " after the manner of the *Rape of the*
 " *Lock*. We geniuses always snatch
 " hints from each other. Why now,
 " perhaps, you do not know that
 " Pope, ay even the celebrated Pope,

“ stole the idea of that piece partly
 “ from the *Lutrin* of Boileau, and partly
 “ from an Italian poem called the
 “ *Rape of the Bucket.*”

During this speech of Mrs. Towerden's the colonel sat in the most melancholy attitude, with all the marks of the most cutting discontent in his countenance. Every now and then he lifted up his eyes to heaven to implore the assistance of the Almighty for his suffering *Clarissa*, and sometimes looked full of astonishment at the strange apathy of a mother, who could sit by an only child in such a condition, and yet be able to turn her thoughts upon subjects so foreign to the scene before her.

For a while he made no reply: finding, however, at length that she raised her voice with her subject, he rose, with

with the greatest emotion, begged her to speak low, and to speak no more about Maria.

“ Well, but Mr. Tylney,” said she, “ I must tell you what Popham told *me*: I must do the girl justice. “ When she brought the notes for five “ hundred pounds ——

“ How, madam, did she bring you “ notes only for five hundred ?”

“ Certainly.—She told me she would “ ask my daughter to get you to lend “ us five hundred, and desired I would “ leave it to *her* management, and, “ indeed, as *my* head was quite full of “ the two treatises I had just finished, “ and the two poems I had just begun, “ I e’en left it entirely to her, for I “ never could worry my brains with “ money affairs: my soul disdains

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“to grovel after sordid pelf, and
“soars above all pecuniary con-
“siderations.”

“But my dear madam,” interrupted the colonel eagerly, “I gave my
“wife notes amounting to a thou-
“sand pounds for you at *her* request,
“and if you have received but five
“hundred, that devil of a girl must
“have secreted the rest: I cannot,
“however, any more than you, talk
“of these things at present, while that
“poor dear creature lies in such ago-
“nies: let me intreat you to go into
“the next room: I will watch with
“the nurse, myself.”

The colonel, indeed, was so tortur-
ed with his own reflections, so affected
with the distress of his wife, and so
stunned with Mrs. Towerden's non-
sense, that he could scarce support
himself.

himself.—The scene became in a short time too dreadful even for *him*, for in a very few hours afterwards the unhappy Clarissa expired in the strongest convulsions, without having been once sensible of her danger.

Mr. Tylney was in a condition sufficiently moving to excite compassion in the most obdurate breast, and Mrs. Towerden, who bore the death of her daughter with all the heroic fortitude and dignity of a Roman matron (as she expressed it) was very little capable of administering any consolation to him.

He ordered his people to fetch Lady Frances and Cecil to him immediately, telling Mrs. Towerden, that the chariot should convey her from so melancholy an house, and adding, that he would wait on her as

soon as he was able to touch upon an event which had shocked him extremely.

She very readily accepted of his proposal, but first told him she hoped he would not refuse her one request, which was to leave the fancying of the ornaments and emblematic figures for her daughter's coffin to *her*; as she should, as soon as she went home, read over the two last volumes of *Clarissa Harlowe*, and take some hints, especially about the cropped lilly, &c. &c. from that great master of the human heart, her ever-to-be-revered Mr. Richardson. "I have another thought," continued she, "and a bright one.—As my poor girl fell a victim so early in life to matrimony, I may I think draw some allusions, only changing circumstances, to the sacrifice of *Iphigenia*."

The

The colonel, had he not been really penetrated with grief, would not have been able to restrain a violent fit of mirth at this ridiculous nonsense; but he was, indeed, so much shocked at Mrs. Towerden's unfeeling behaviour that he could only say, "For God's sake, madam, leave me: I am not proper company for you at present."

Then, ordering Soames to attend her to the chariot, he went into another room, and throwing himself into a chair, gave a free vent to the sorrow which he could no longer confine.

Cecil and Lady Frances, though not together, soon obeyed his summons, and said every thing in their power to console him.

The latter persuaded him, as soon as he had given orders for the funeral,
See.

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&c. &c. to go down with her to a small house she had in the neighbourhood of Windsor.

He consented : but before he could be ready to accompany her, he found, upon leaving directions with his servants, so many unnecessary expences, and so many large bills unpaid, that the addition arising from such discovery to his former concern, deepened his dejection, and threw him into a fit of sickness, which was soon attended with dangerous symptoms.

That sickness with those symptoms kept him two months longer in town, and he was alternately visited by Cecil and Lady Frances, who left nothing undone which might in any shape contribute to his recovery.

Before

Before he was well enough to be removed, Cecil was called upon by Sir William to be father to Miss Boyde, which summons he obeyed with the sincerest satisfaction, and gave into the arms of his friend the most deserving and beautiful young creature in the world.

Mrs. Boyde was prevailed upon to spend a few weeks in town, and the amiable Lady Revel had soon a numerous acquaintance; but a purer air being thought necessary for her mother's health, they accepted of Mrs. Beam's invitation to Devonshire, in whose neighbourhood Mrs. Boyde intended to purchase an estate.

Lady Frances and Mrs. Foley were among the number of those who visited Cecilia upon her marriage, and were not less delighted with the beauty,

beauty of her whole figure, than with the charming simplicity of her manners.

One day, after Lady Revel's leaving town, Mrs. Foley told Cecil she was not at all surprized that Sir William had entertained suspicions of his liking Miss Boyde. "I rather wonder," added she, "how you could possibly avoid falling in love with her."

"The heart which has been long attached to one dear object, madam," replied he gravely, "will not easily be affected by another: there was, therefore, no danger to be apprehended."

Mrs. Foley, though she perfectly understood him, had female curiosity enough to desire him to come to an explanation:

planation : but being thoroughly sensible of the great delicacy both of Lady Frances and of her lover, she was silent. The next time she saw Lady Frances alone, however, she told her that Cecil had confessed a particular attachment.

"Has he," said her ladyship, with a deep sigh, "I wonder to whom."

"Ah ! you pretty dissembler," cried Mrs. Foley, "you deserve to hear
 " a great deal more upon the subject
 " than I have said, but it is a horrid
 " thing to have to do with people of
 " such very delicate sensations. Well !
 " a little common sense brings one forward ten times sooner in a love affair than these prodigious refinements."

Soon

done

Soon after Sir William Revel's departure for Devonshire, Colonel Tylney, though extremely weak and low, and by no means judged out of danger, was moved to Lady Frances's house near Windsor, whither Mrs. Foley, who had designed to return home, at her earnest request, accompanied her.

For some weeks, Mr. Tylney was in too languid a condition to bear the sight of many people except those absolutely necessary about him, among whom were his sister who frequently visited him, and Cecil who came down to see him, and to be as serviceable to him as he could while he remained in a state of discouraging uncertainty with regard to his recovery.

Cecil's abilities and address having very much distinguished him on several occasions,

occasions, some of his friends recommended him so strongly to the minister, that he was nominated for an embassy. As that nomination seemed to prognosticate the improvement of his fortune, he accepted of the character with pleasure, and began to make the requisite but very expensive preparations for his appearance upon the continent.

The colonel, and consequently Lady Frances, were soon made acquainted with his destination. The latter sighed at the apprehensions of a long absence; but as his appointment was expected to be advantageous, she smothered the emotions which they occasioned, especially as she observed him uncommonly cheerful; though she did not know that his cheerfulness arose from the hopes with which he flattered himself of being one day in a situation to confess his passion for her.

As

As soon as the colonel began to grow a little better, Lady Frances, assisted by his friend, and even Mrs. Foley, strove by every method to amuse his mind, and raise his spirits; his health, though very slowly, returned, but his spirits seemed to be more depressed than ever.

The agreeable widow, at the pressing importunity of her friend, sat by him while he was confined to his room. As soon as he was able to quit it, every place where she was, was the place which gave most pleasure to him.

He followed her into the garden, he sat by her when she sung, or when she conversed, though commonly without entering much into the conversation. His ears, indeed, seemed too desirous to attend to the charms of her voice to give him the least inclination to interrupt

rupt her; and his eyes were generally fixed with such steady admiration on her face, that she at last began to be rather disconcerted. As no notice, however, had yet been taken of his behaviour to her, she would not herself seem to understand it, but very sensibly judged it most prudent, and most good-natured not to make any change in her carriage; she only now and then shifted her seat when his looks grew too embarrassing; whenever she did so, he always appeared unhappy, fetched a deep sigh, and threw his eyes on the ground, as if he wished to make an atonement for his offence: but no sooner was she again in sight, than the same symptoms of a violent passion for her returned, which were sufficiently striking, and which he evidently strove, but strove in vain, to conceal.

He loved deeply, but he only looked his love; he made no declaration of it,
and

and was studious only to please by the respectful politeness of his whole behaviour, though the emotion which he felt whenever she came near him, and the tremor which seized him whenever he accidentally touched her, plainly developed the secret sensations of his heart.

Lady Frances having left them one day in the garden, in order to speak to somebody, Mrs. Foley stumbled over a bough that had fallen across the walk, and would have been thrown down, if Tylney had not immediately saved her by catching her in his arms; but he trembled so much at the same time, that she would still have sunk to the ground had she not, observing his violent agitation, assisted both herself and him to reach a bench near them.

When they were both seated, she, in her lively way, made some little apology for the trouble she had given him.

He,

He, with no small hesitation, replied, that a sudden tremor upon his nerves had rendered him quite incapable of affording her the assistance which he wished.

He said no more, but seemed so totally plunged in melancholy, that all her chearful, good-natured sallies could not divert him, though he expressed the greatest satisfaction at her company.

A behaviour so very uncommon, so very particular, began she thought to make her retreating rather necessary.

In a few days afterwards, she told Lady Frances, she must now think of bidding her adieu. "I came only to stay with you a couple of months, my dear," said she, "and I have staid with you above a year. You cannot, surely then, think of opposing my departure."

"In-

"Indeed, indeed, but I must, my
 "dear Henrietta," answered Lady
 Frances; "the dreadful dejection un-
 "der which my brother labours, and
 "another reason which I need not men-
 "tion, but which will not a little de-
 "press my spirits, urge me to insist
 "upon your staying with me till things
 "take a more favourable turn, if ever
 "they do," added she, with a sigh.
 "But I am chiefly induced to beg you,
 "by all our friendship, to remain some
 "time longer with us, on poor Charles's
 "account, who, it is very visible to
 "every body, is distractedly in love
 "with you."

"In love with me?" cried Mrs.
 Foley, blushing excessively. "What
 "makes you think so Lady Frances?
 "But, indeed, if you are serious, con-
 "trary to my belief, there is you
 "will allow a still more powerful reason
 "for my leaving you."

"And

“ And can you then resolve to reject
 “ a man who adores you? who dies
 “ for you?”

“ Why, what would you have me
 “ do,” said Mrs. Foley, “ supposing that
 “ your suspicions are well grounded?
 “ If Colonel Tylney is in love with me,
 “ I am not in love with Colonel Tylney.”

“ I am sorry for it,” replied Lady
 Frances, “ I have a sincere affection
 “ for Charles; he is a worthy creature;
 “ he was indeed a little mistaken in his
 “ first choice, but he has evidently
 “ shewn his judgment in his second.”

“ No more of this, my dear Lady
 “ Frances,” said Mrs. Foley, “ or I
 “ am gone directly.”

Lady Frances, as soon as she was
 alone, reflected upon all that had passed,

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and was concerned to find that her brother had made no favourable impression on the heart of her friend; but upon second thoughts, she imagined it not impossible that Mrs. Foley might feign indifference, till she had received proofs from the colonel himself of the reality of his passion for her: she therefore thought that a declaration from him might move her heart in his behalf, and accordingly, the next time she saw him alone, said, "I am going to be quite miserable, Charles; my dear Henrietta talks of returning home: and indeed she has given me her company so long, that I have no right to insist upon keeping her always from her other friends."

A deep sigh was all the colonel's reply, nor could any thing she afterwards said about her friend draw him out of the reverie into which he was fallen, and which continued the whole day.

He

He scarce tasted a bit at dinner, but sat with his head leaning upon his hand, and the chearful conversation, even of Mrs. Foley herself, extracted from him only monosyllables.

Lady Frances, actually believing that her friend, if the colonel made proper overtures, would be too good natured to drive him to absolute despair, left them purposely together.

After a melancholy silence on the part of Tynney, Mrs. Foley rose and was going to leave the room.

He then caught her by the hand, and begged her not to fly from him. "We are soon, I hear, to lose you entirely," said he, with a faltering voice, and deep sigh; "but while you remain here do not deprive me of the charms of your conversation."

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"It has no great attractions, I believe, colonel," replied the smiling, "at least you are too much involved in grief for the loss of Mrs. Tylney to attend to any thing but your own disagreeable reflections."

"Indeed, madam," said he, "you wrong me, if you think I still lament as a poor unhappy young creature, whom I once undoubtedly loved fondly, before her indiscretions drove all affection for her from my bosom; but the distress into which her imprudence, and to speak plainly, my own absurd conduct, has thrown me, can never I fear be removed; can hardly be alleviated: I must therefore fall a sacrifice to a passion from which all the pleasure, from which all the misery of my life is derived."

As those words were ambiguous, and as Mrs. Foley was not desirous of an

explanation, she made a second attempt to withdraw her hand. He quitted it instantly, but at the same time so earnestly intreated her to sit down, that she complied, meerly out of pity, as he evidently laboured under the severest inquietude.

He thanked her in the most grateful terms for her obliging condescension, and for all the compassion she had discovered for him during his illness.

"Would to heaven!" added he, "it was in my power to attempt to make you sensible of my feelings: but my wretched fortune has not even left me that consolation, the only one I wish for in this life."

He was too much affected to proceed.

He arose and walked up and down the room, while the lady, thinking she made a very awkward figure, and wishing her-

self out of the room, judged it however rather cruel, after all that had been said, to leave him when he so earnestly desired her to stay; very good naturedly endeavoured to turn the conversation, and he the more readily fell into it for having given this little vent to the emotions which had for some time agitated his bosom.

Lady Frances at her return, found him, though still dejected, with more composure in his looks. She imagined that he had imparted the cause of his anxiety to her friend, but as neither of them dropped a syllable upon that subject, she at last concluded she was mistaken.

Things went on in this strain for several days. Cecil's affairs kept him a good while in town; but the thoughts of his approaching departure did not at all

all contribute to enliven Lady Frances; they only made her still more urgent with her friend to remain with her.

Mrs. Foley laughed at the renewal of her importunities without making any promises. She was indeed not a little embarrassed, and at a loss how to act. She saw plainly, with the whole family, that the colonel behaved in a very particular manner to her; but as she had never felt any inclination for him, nor had ever entertained any serious thoughts of changing her condition, she was not moved by his behaviour, she was only perplexed when he sometimes, as if undesignedly, discovered the strength of his passion for her, and thought it better for her to be in another place; but her long and sincere friendship for Lady Frances, the concern under which her friend laboured on the colonel's account, and the com-

passion which she herself felt for his disquietude bordering on distress, made her resolve to remain where she was for a while, at least till the removal of her friend's difficulties might be with probability expected.

Thus determined, and no otherwise affected than by seeing those whom she always esteemed deserving of happiness uneasy, she once again strove to give them every kind of consolation in her power, by continuing to amuse them as much as possible. Her friendly endeavours, however, were not, as she wished them to be, effectual, though they both acknowledged themselves obliged to her; for Lady Frances chose rather to sit hours by herself indulging reflections on the absence of Cecil; and the colonel became still more preyed upon by his disagreeable ideas.

The

The only alteration in Tylney was his taking rather more advantage of his being often left alone with Mrs. Foley to seize her hand, to hang over her enamoured, and to exhibit still stronger symptoms of a passion which he had not courage to declare; but as all the liberties which he ventured to take were taken in the most respectful manner, and as they appeared to give the only relief he was capable of receiving, she tried as much as she could, to behave as if they never engaged her attention.

Sitting by her one day in the garden, while she was making up a little nosegay of some flowers which he had gathered for her, he availed himself of that opportunity to gaze on her with unusual ardor; with the more ardor, as he was not, so gazing, observed by her, but the repeated and heart felt sighs

which his reflections drew from him, made her at last look up.

"Bless me, Mr. Tyney," said she, "what's the matter?" "You really quite oppress me with your melancholy: you certainly give way to it a great deal too much: if you would but endeavour to divert your thoughts, and strive to be cheerful, you would, I am certain, be better."

"It is impossible, madam," replied he, with the most dejected air: "I am afraid there are no hopes for me. But my present inquietude arises from my being under a necessity of going to town for a few days, and possibly before I return you will have left my sister."

Here he stopped, as if both fearful of proceeding, and unable to proceed.

Recovering

Recovering himself a little, taking her hand and pressing it gently, "But may I not hope," continued he, "that you will be prevailed on, from the heavenly sweetness of disposition you are posselt of, to add one favour to those which you have already conferred on me?"

"What is that?" said she, laughing — "Now, possibly, you may have thought me more obliging than I really am."

"Oh, no!" said he, "I am sure I am not deceived in you — but to convince me I am not, shall I find you here when I return? Will you condescend to promise me that I shall? for then you will, I am certain, keep your word."

"Now to shew you," said she, "that you are already deceived in me,

"and that I am not so obliging as
 "you believe me to be, I will tell you
 "that I have no design to quit Lady
 "Frances, at present; nor do I intend
 "to remove myself except something
 "very particular should happen; so
 "you see, colonel, you will not have
 "the merit of keeping me here."

"Whatever be your motive for
 "staying, madam," replied he, "I
 "am content with being assured that
 "you *do* stay — I dare ask no
 "other favour at present: the cer-
 "tainty of finding you here will hasten
 "my return, and —"

He stopped: looked confused;
 but held her hand, till she withdrew
 it and proposed returning to the house,
 to which they advanced without his
 speaking another word. The next
 morning he set out for London.

He

He spent that day and the next in making a thorough enquiry into his affairs, which he found in a very bad situation, and which had not been in the least mended while he was prevented by his illness from inspecting them.

He then went to Mrs. Towerden, who was sitting with Miss Popham.

After having paid his compliments to the former, he told the latter, in a peremptory tone, that he was come to demand the five hundred pounds which she had extorted from his wife under the pretence of serving her mother, who had never, he found, received them: "I therefore," continued he, "insist upon your refunding the money immediately."

She at first affected to be extremely angry, and talked in a very haughty style

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while about the injury which he had already done her character. — “You know,” added she, “want to ruin me entirely, I suppose; but, thank God, I have still good friends left who will not see me thus insulted, and with a false accusation too, as poor Mrs. Tyney well knew, she received notes only to the value of five hundred pounds, which I delivered by her order to Mrs. Towerden, who is ready to acknowledge the receipt of them.”

“Yes,” said the colonel, “I well know that you gave Mrs. Towerden five hundred, but I gave my wife a thousand for her use, and therefore can demand five hundred more which you have either secreted or spent.”

For

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For some time she braved it with great intrepidity, said that Mrs. Tyb-
 they never gave her more than she had
 acknowledged, and fervently wished
 she was alive to defend her reputation
 so scandalously aspersed. "Poor,
 dear, young creature! she never
 would have borne to see me treated
 thus: But I have lost my best friend,
 my dear amiable Clarissa!"

"You have, indeed," answered the
 colonel, "for if you do not surrender
 the notes, I shall sue you for them:
 my attorney now waits for my or-
 ders: you must, therefore, determine
 this instant."

Then, going to the door, and call-
 ing his servant, he bade him to desire
 Mr. Bond to come along with him
 that moment.

Maria

Frances Tyne and Henry Cecil, 2 vols, 12mo,
 calf, 3s
 1769

Maria now began to be really alarmed; for she had no money to support a lawsuit, which must also inevitably ruin her character already but too much injured, as well as deprive her of all subsistence.

Being so alarmed, she endeavoured to move him to have patience with her, to forgive her all that had passed, and to conceal this only crime she had ever been guilty of: a crime of which she should not have thought, had she not been prompted by the hopes of settling herself happily with Mr. Mawson; adding, that she had fully designed to return the sum in question, after her marriage, to Mrs. Tylney, who very well knew that she had it to defray several little family expences.

“Yes,” said the colonel, “my family has been most wretchedly managed,

"naged, but if you will immediately
 "give me the notes, and never let me
 "see you again, I shall not think you
 "worth any farther notice."

The last contemptuous expression
 galled her more than all she had en-
 dured; however, she was reduced to a
 hopeless situation.

Mr. Tylney's man returned with
 Mr. Bond, whom he sent into ano-
 ther room.

She then hastily pulled out the
 notes and delivered them in a passion
 to the colonel, who, putting them up
 directly, turned to Mrs. Towerden,
 and said, "I shall not pretend, ma-
 "dam, to prescribe to you in your
 "own house, but I heartily wish you
 "may not as sincerely repent of keep-
 "ing this girl in your Family, as I have
 done."

“done. — Be assured, however, that I
 “will send you all your daughter’s
 “cloaths, and ornaments, her jewels
 “excepted, provided you promise me
 “solemnly not to give a single ribbon
 “to this creature.”

Upon the utterance of so mortifying a speech Maria flounced out of the room, and Mrs. Towerden told the colonel she was so deeply engaged in writing an elegy on her poor unfortunate child, that she really had no leisure to attend to such trifles.

The absurdity of that speech made him hurry towards the parlour door.

She called him back to let him know that as he was sick at the time of the funeral, and could not see the devices, she had ordered them to be drawn out on paper by the undertaker,

taken, and laid by for him, which he
 might lend for whenever he pleased.
 "You will, I am certain, added she,
 "be ravished with the mottoes I have
 "chosen, and think the couplets very
 "properly suited to the occasion:
 "you will also be perfectly convinced
 "of my great judgment and taste, of
 "my prodigious memory too, by col-
 "lecting those materials from the
 "books I have read: my ever-ho-
 "noured and ever-beloved Mr. Ri-
 "chardson was of most singular ser-
 "vice to me. I don't remember, in-
 "deed, any other author who has
 "treated solemnities of this kind with
 "such peculiar exactness, nor who
 "has entered into the minuteneſſes,
 "if I may properly ſtile them ſo, of
 "the laſt moments of his heroine,
 "with ſuch nicety; but I'll aſſure you
 "colonel, by ſo doing, he has diſco-
 "vered his profound judgment; for
 "by

“by those very particularities we
 “are rendered more capable of form-
 “ing a proper idea of character,
 “drawing.”

Mr. Tylney, not being able to listen with patience any longer to what he wished never to have heard, left the room, with uplifted hands and eyes, and returned home, where he began instantly to pay his bills; after the payment of which he discharged all his servants except Soames and his old foldier, and sent an advertisement to the papers, relating to the letting of his house.

While he was thus employed, a common acquaintance of his and Cecil's called upon him, having accidentally heard that he was in town, and asked him if he had been informed of Cecil's disappointment.

The

The colonel replied in the negative.

The gentleman, whose name was Drummond, said he was sorry to say that he was superseded on a very frivolous pretence. "To make the matter worse," added Mr. Drummond, "as he has been at a prodigious expence, in order to do the greater honour to those by whom he was nominated, he will be a considerable loser by the change in his finances."

"I am very much concerned at your intelligence," replied the colonel; "but I wonder he should say nothing of this to me, when he was here yesterday."

"It is a fact, I assure you," said Drummond; "and he was told that they should have no occasion for his

“his services above ten days ago;
 “I am, as well as you, sorry that he
 “has met with such unmerited treat-
 “ment; but I am still more sorry
 “that his fortune should suffer by
 “it, as I know it is too small to bear
 “lessening.”

The colonel wanted not this disagreeable news to increase the uneasiness which he felt from the situation of his own affairs; but his passion for Mrs. Foley getting the better of every thing, he returned to Windsor, where she received him with the greatest good humour.

His countenance still appeared clouded with vexation; but he took an opportunity to thank her for permitting him to find her there.

She replied, with her accustomed vivacity, that he owed her no ac-
 know-

knowledgments, as she had told him she had not yet designed to leave her friends.

He sighed, and was silent upon that subject, but soon afterwards informed them both what disagreeable news he had heard about Cecil.

Lady Frances instantly changed colour, and Mrs. Foley became uncommonly serious: the cheerfulness of them all was, indeed, disturbed for the remainder of the evening.

The colonel and Lady Frances formed schemes which engrossed all their attention, and Mrs. Foley, to divert her thoughts, as she declared she hated to be solemn, went to the harpsichord for relief.

The

The next morning Lady Frances told her brother and her friend that she hoped they would entertain each other for one day, having particular business in London; but added that she would return in the evening.

Mrs. Foley offered to accompany her, but she so earnestly desired her to remain with the colonel, that she consented, though very reluctantly.

All the time which, during the absence of his sister, Tylney spent with Mrs. Foley, did he wish for a lucky moment to open his heart, and to tell her the resolution he had taken; but as often as he opened his mouth to speak, as often was he awed to silence by the fear of offending a person whom he so eagerly desired to please; and he saw Lady Frances return with regret, because he had not seized an opportunity to unbosom himself.

Lady

Lady Frances, by returning with unusual chearfulness, gave Mrs. Foley a great deal of pleasure, after having spent a melancholy day with the sighing colonel, who, thinking they might chuse to be by themselves, went into the garden after supper, as the weather was warm.

When they had chatted for above half an hour on insignificant things, Lady Frances proposed to go in search of him.

Mrs. Foley making no objection, they went arm in arm down a grass walk, at the bottom of which Tylney had thrown himself to indulge his reflections the more at his ease.

Lady Frances's head being full of other things, Mrs. Foley first discovered him, and cried, "Are you absolute-

"by mad to lie down upon the grass,
 "when there is such a monstrous dew,
 "after so severe an illness? Have you a
 "mind to destroy yourself?"

"Not if you wish me to live," said
 he, rising instantly, throwing his arm
 round her waist, and taking her hand
 in his.

Mrs. Foley, thus seized, made a little
 effort to disengage herself; but as he
 still held her, though gently, she chose
 rather to submit than to make him un-
 happy, for she found he trembled ex-
 cessively, and seemed to be violently
 agitated.

As they walked in this manner home-
 wards together, he asked her if she had
 been kind enough to come out to look
 for him.

"Lady

“Lady Frances proposed it, Sir,”
said she.

“I was afraid,” replied he sighing;
“I had no pretensions to such a favour
“on your part, madam.”

He then instantly let her go, and
without appearing to know what he was
doing, turned from them to go down
the walk again.

Lady Frances, not being so lost in
her own reflections as not to observe
all that had passed, cried, “Dear bro-
“ther, don’t stay out any longer in the
“damp of the evening; do speak to
“him Henrietta, he will mind you.”

“L—d! what must I say to him?” said
Mrs. Foley. “Don’t you hear Colonel
“Tydney? your sister begs you will
“come in.”

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"I am obliged to my sister, madam,
" but since the only person in the world
" whom I wish to please, is totally in-
" different about me, all other care is
" superfluous, as it is impossible for me
" to be more miserable than I am."

All the while he was speaking, Lady
Frances jogged her friend to say some-
thing to persuade him to return with
them; but as she remained silent, he
continued to walk from them.

"My dear, dear Foley," said my
lady, "do pity my poor Charles."

"What would you have me do?
" Indeed, Lady Frances, you are, for
the first time in your life, very
teazing."

"Only say something to comfort
him. You cannot but see that he is
burst."

burning to tell you what he feels; and that he is afraid to speak."

"Why really now, Lady Frances, are you in the wrong; was not I the first to exclaim against the risk he ran of injuring his health by imprudently lying on the wet grass? would you have me drag him into the house by force?"

"Pshaw, no—but you are sensible of your power over him, if you will exert it; do, go," continued Lady Frances, pushing her after the colonel, who was got a considerable way down the walk.

Mrs. Foley, finding that her friend would not be satisfied with her unless she complied with her request, ran after him, and catching him by the coat, said, laughing, "Come, Sir, you must

IN TRUE DECEIT

"some in indeed; I am sent to fetch
you." "but I confess I have long
to sigh to something more than

"Had you but come of your own
will," answered he, seizing her hand,
and looking at her with eyes in which his
ardent passion was strongly painted, "I
had been blest indeed."

She was silent, but did not attempt
to withdraw her hand which he held in
his while they walked slowly behind
Lady Frances.

At last, just as they came within sight
of the house, he had courage enough to
say, "Could I only but know that
Mrs. Foley wished me happy, I
should bear my misfortunes better."

"And why should you imagine, Sir,"
said she, "that I with any body other
wife?"

"I

"I don't believe you do, madam;
 "but I confess I have long, long dared
 "to aspire to something more parti-
 "cular in my favour from you; but
 "the consciousness of not having merited
 "that distinction, has hitherto prevent-
 "ed me from speaking.— Yet, were
 "I but assured of your having no aver-
 "sion to me, I should feel my heart
 "easy, and should be inspired with
 "fortitude sufficient to wait with pati-
 "ence till I meet with an opportunity
 "of rendering myself more deserving
 "of your esteem."

Mrs. Foley was still silent. Observ-
 ing however, that he was in the greatest
 emotion, and seemed to wait for an an-
 swer, with eagerness not to be describ-
 ed, she relieved his anxiety in some
 measure, by saying, "I have never
 "wanted esteem, sir, for the brother
 "of my friend; I have been concerned

“at your long illness, and sorry for
 “your disappointments; and if my
 “wishes to see you in a happier situ-
 “ation will give you any satisfaction,
 “you have them sincerely.”

He only answered with a tender
 sigh, and with as tender a pressure of
 her hand.

As they had by this time reached
 the house, and as nothing was said far-
 ther upon the subject, he retired to his
 apartment.

The next morning, at breakfast, he
 appeared booted, and in a travelling
 dress. That dress, however, did not
 happen to fall under Lady Frances's
 observation: the looks, indeed, looks
 full of the most impassioned tenderness,
 which her brother frequently directed
 to Mrs. Foley, and the quick succeed-
 ing

ing sighs which heaved his bosom, engaged all her attention.

Perceiving that her friend also regarded him with an eye of pity, she took the first opportunity to leave them together.

For some minutes he sat full of irresolution about speaking; but upon Mrs. Foley's rising, and saying she wondered what was become of Lady Frances, he caught her by the hand, "Stay one moment," cried he, "it may be the last bestowed on a man who adores you; but whose fortune is so far embarrassed, as to prevent him from making any proposal fit for you to listen to.—I know too well, madam," continued he, "the great difference there is at present between us: and though I cannot enjoy the least happiness without

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"you, I love you too sincerely, to deny
"fire you to accept of me in any dis-
"tracted circumstances. I am there-
"fore, this instant, flying from you
"for ever, except I should be able by
"an absolute resolution of myself from
"the world so far to retrieve my losses
"as to render my fortune worthy of
"your acceptance. I have nothing fur-
"ther to ask now, but your compas-
"sion; I only beg, if no happier man
"gains your heart, you will sometimes
"wish that I may one day be enabled
"by my strict economy, while dis-
"tant from you, to return, and to en-
"deavour by every assiduous attention,
"to please the most amiable, the most
"desireable of women."

He attempted to say something more,
but thoughts of parting with her, per-
haps for ever, tied up his tongue, and

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theor him into a confusion almost insupportable. I am to repeat of my own

and there

Mrs. Foley, no longer able to bear such a scene, rose immediately, without uttering a single syllable, and ran up stairs into Lady Frances's dressing-room, where, throwing herself into a chair, she cried, with tears in her eyes, "For heaven's sake, Lady Frances, go down directly to the colonel, or he will be gone. No man but he or Cecil could have shewn such true greatness of mind—but go to him directly — stop his journey — tell him I will have him — don't tell him though that I love him, because it is not yet come to that, and I am above deceiving a man who is capable of acting so nobly. — Fly, fly, however, my dear friend," added she, seeing Lady Frances all astonished, waiting as if she expected to hear a

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farther explanation of what she had just told her, and relieve his distress.

Lady Frances did as she was desired, without saying any thing more.

Finding the colonel in the most violent perturbation of spirits, she brought him up stairs.

Taking Mrs. Foley by the hand, she led her to him, and said, "There brother, receive this dear, amiable creature, and be happy."

"Oh! God," cried he, snatching her to his bosom, and kissing her eagerly. "is it possible I can be so blest?"

Mrs. Foley, blushing excessively, struggled very much to disengage herself from his arms, and having at length broken from them, said, "Fye, Lady Frances,

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“Frances, could I have believed you
“capable of serving me so. But I shall
“be revenged by and by.”

Then seeing the colonel in an agony
lest she should resent his taking so great
a liberty, she turned to him with a
smile, and said, “Well, Sir, I have a
“great deal to say to you when you
“have recovered your spirits.”

“And I, madam,” replied he, “have
“as much for you to hear, on my part,
“if you will condescend to listen to
“me. Dear as you are to my fond
“heart, and unable as I am to live
“without you, I cannot take advantage
“of your superior fortune; it is yours
“and it *ever shall be yours*. I will pur-
“sue my first plan of living within the
“bounds I had before prescribed for my-
“self: the being permitted to live with
“you will be a sufficient recompense for
“every

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"every thing:—and, may I but be so
"happy as to gain your valuable heart"
"in time, as well as your charming"
"person——"

"Don't be in such a hurry," inter-
rupted she, laughing, "but give me
"time to prepare for my journey into
"Yorkshire."

"Oh! I cannot think of shutting you
up there," replied the colonel; "you,
"who are formed to enjoy all the plea-
"sures of society, and to contribute to
"them by the charms of your person,
"and the spirit of your conversation."

"No flattery, Tylney, if I consent
"to marry you, I do it conditionally,
"that you pursue your first plan; if
"you really love me as much as you
"would make me believe you love me,
"you will be happy with me any
"where."

"If I love you?—Have you then
 "not doubts after what you have seen
 "suffer for you? Yes, my dear Mrs..
 "Felix, be assured I can be most hap-
 "py with you any where; but I cannot
 "think of carrying such an angel into
 "total obscurity."

For a long time he strove hard to
 prevail on her to consent to live in her
 usual manner, in London or near it;
 but she still insisted on his making her a
 very moderate settlement, and on his
 applying the remainder of her fortune
 for the improvement of his affairs:
 "We will then," said she, "go down
 "and lived retired upon our estate in
 "Yorkshire, till we have made up all
 "your losses."

"Generous, excellent creature!" cried
 the colonel, kissing her hand with rap-
 ture: "How many, many wretched
 "hours

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"hours should I have escaped, had I
 "known your valuable character be-
 "fore! My sister indeed always spoke
 "in the highest terms of her amiable
 "Henrietta, her lovely friend; but I
 "never imagined, till I brought Clarissa
 "down to Fair Grove, that you were
 "possess of so many charming quali-
 "ties."

Two days afterwards, Cecil came
 down. Not knowing upon what ex-
 ceeding good terms Mrs. Foley and
 the colonel were together, he was sur-
 prised to see him sitting by her, holding
 her hand to his lips.

At the appearance of Cecil, she,
 blushing, strove to withdraw it; but as
 he never was of a disposition to discon-
 cert people, he seemed not to feel what
 was extremely visible.

The

The enraptured Tylney, however, rising and leading her to him, said, "My dear Harry, how infinitely happy has this lovely creature made your friend! You will now, I am sure, as much approve my choice, as you before, with the greatest justness, condemned it—my adorable Henrietta—" continued he, "looking at her very tenderly."

"Eye, Tylney," cried she, still blushing. "There is no such thing Mr. Cecil," added she smiling, "as being tolerably civil to a man without throwing him into such ecstasies, as absolutely put one out of countenance."

"We are certainly all of us very impertinent creatures, madam," replied he smiling, "but yet you must give me leave to congratulate the colonel on his having obtained so considerable

"siderable a conquest as the possession
"of your heart."

"Lord bless me," said she, "I don't
"know whether he has got it or not:
"he has scarce left me a moment's
"leisure to think about it."

"Oh! if he is not yet sure of
"it," replied Cecil, "it is quite
"time for him to endeavour to make
"a tender impression upon it: though
"if I may be permitted to form any
"judgment, there is a delicate languor
"in you eyes which seems not to
"prognosticate any thing unfavour-
"able to my friend."

"Well, Mr. Cecil," said she, "I
"did not expect this from you; but
"this creature, I imagine, looking
"archly at the colonel, either sees, or
"fancies he sees, something in me very
"flat-

flattering to his wishes, or he would
 "not venture to be thus familiar: yet
 "I declare, I don't know how it is,
 "he certainly must have mistaken my
 "extreme pity for his dejection for
 "something more than I ever meant."

"How prettily you would make
 "excuses for the favour you have
 "shewn me, my dearest life!" said
 the colonel gravely; "but if you
 "could be made sensible of the trans-
 "porting delight the least mark of
 "your kindness gives me, the gene-
 "rosity of your disposition would not,
 "I am certain, suffer you either to
 "withhold it or disguise it."

Cecil, finding the colonel became
 serious, thought his coming in had
 disturbed them; he therefore left
 them.

them to look for Lady Frances, who was, they told him, in the garden.

Mrs. Foley, after his departure, seeing the colonel a good deal disconcerted at her vivacity, immediately gave him her hand in a manner which restored all his former tranquillity, and made him adore her more than ever.

Cecil found Lady Frances in a shady temple embroidering *au tambour*.

She rose to receive him, but with such striking marks of confusion in her countenance, that a sudden thought darted into his head which he had never entertained before, and which induced him to regard her with more attention than he had yet done.

Disconcerted still more by that attention, Lady Frances fixed her eyes upon her work, while Cecil mentioned the pleasure he felt in seeing his friend in so fair a way of being happy now, he hoped for life, with the amiable Mrs. Foley.

"She is indeed, very amiable, Sir," said Lady Frances, "and has acted
 "with regard to my brother, not only
 "in the most considerate, but the most
 "disinterested manner."

"Under what infinite obligations
 "does such a conduct lay a man!"
 replied he; "and yet Lady Frances,
 "there are some few insinuations in
 "which the extreme liberality of a
 "lady, makes the obliged person of
 "the other sex at a loss how to act,
 "as he would certainly acknowledge

"the

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“ the favours he has received in the
“ strongest terms, were he not uncer-
“ tain how far the delicacy of the lady
“ would be flattered or insulted by
“ the liveliest expressions of his grati-
“ tude, cruelly pained at the same
“ time, by confining his sensations
“ within his own breast. I really don't
“ know a point in the management
“ of which a more refined behaviour
“ is required; nor do I know any per-
“ son whose opinion I would sooner
“ ask upon so nice an occasion than
“ your ladyship's.”

“ Ask my opinion?” replied Lady
Frances, while a glow of crimson over-
spread her fine face.

“ Yes, madam, because as you have
“ so lately given so noble a proof of
“ your generous disposition, your lady-
“ ship alone (bowing very respectfully)

“ can

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"can be a competent judge of the propriety of my acknowledgments, which are greater than I can describe."

He then took out of his pocket-book, notes to the value of two thousand pounds, and presented them to her.

She pushed them from her with a trembling hand, and while her blushes increased, said with the greatest perturbation, "I cannot receive what does not belong to me, Mr. Cecil."

After a pause, she added, "I have been long acquainted with your merit; I heard of your disappointment with the sincerest concern, a disappointment as undeserved as it was prejudicial to you, and could not

“not rest till I had endeavoured, in
 “some measure, to make amends for
 “it: how you came to find out what
 “I intended for ever to conceal is
 “to me a secret; but you owe me no
 “acknowledgment, since it was meer-
 “ly to gratify a selfish desire, I felt to
 “see you happy, if possible, through
 “my means, that I took this method:
 “if I had known a more deserving
 “man in the whole world than your-
 “self, you never would have received
 “this proof of my friendship.”

“Heavens!” exclaimed Cecil,
 friendship! “And can Lady Frances
 “Tylney think so very highly of me,
 “with such striking marks of her
 “friendship, after having received so
 “public an affront too?”

“Certainly,” said she, “in pro-
 “portion to the treatment which you
 “have

“have met with abroad, do you merit
 “and require the consideration of
 “those who are your real friends.”

“Oh! my lady,” cried he, with
 the greatest emotion, “be infinitely
 “less generous to me, or teach me to
 “deserve your generosity better.”

Here he was silent; but walked up
 and down with his spirits violently
 fluttered.

Lady Frances was not less com-
 posed.

He saw her disorder; he more than
 saw, he felt it, yet knew not what to
 say to relieve her.

At last, turning to her, he said,
 “Think me not insensible, Lady Fran-
 “ces; had my success been equal to

“ my late expectations, I had been the
 “ happiest of men, as I might then have
 “ had it in my power to declare the
 “ most respectful passion for the most
 “ lovely of women.”

Here he stopped.

Lady Frances replied, “ Sure, Mr.
 “ Cecil could never love a mercenary
 “ woman : and that woman must be
 “ justly termed so, who rejects a man
 “ because fortune happens not to prove
 “ his friend.”

“ But can a man be truly said to
 “ love a woman as he ought, my lady,
 “ who, conscious of his own inferiority,
 “ attempts to lessen her by so unequal
 “ an alliance ?”

“ Fortune,” said she, “ gives so little
 “ satisfaction, when put in competition
 “ with

“ with the sincere and affectionate
 “ esteem of the person whom we pre-
 “ fer to all the world, that I cannot,
 “ I confess Mr. Cecil, look upon it
 “ as any obstacle at all ; especially
 “ where there is a sufficiency on one side
 “ to make two people happy, who are of
 “ a disposition not to be dazzled with
 “ the parade of life.”

She paused : extremely disconcerted,
 fearing she had said too much.

Cecil answered, “ I never can enough
 “ admire, madam, your very noble
 “ way of thinking ; but though it can
 “ make no addition to the high esteem
 “ and the tender respect I have ever en-
 “ tertained for your ladyship, you must
 “ give me leave to endeavour, at least,
 “ so far to imitate it, as to make myself
 “ worthy of the felicity after which I

“ have so long ardently sighed, of
 “ aspiring to the possession of the
 “ most excellent heart in the world.”

This address was too plain to be mistaken, and it was what Lady Frances had so long wished to hear: yet, as she had, she very justly imagined, forced it in a manner from him, she was exceedingly hurt by reflecting on her *own* behaviour though exceedingly pleased with *his*, which occasioned such a flutter in her bosom, that it almost deprived her of the power of utterance.

Still, however, wishing to increase his happiness, though fearful of expressing her wishes with the delicacy she was desirous of, she sat for some time silent, looking at her work; taking up her needle; as often laying it down again without setting a single stitch.

After

After having changed colour from red to pale, from pale to red, the roses at length got the better of the lillies. With a glowing complexion, and with her fine eyes fixed on the ground, she said, in a low voice, but inexpressibly sweet, “ I would not, “ willingly, believe Mr. Cecil capable “ of flattering me : I have too high “ an opinion of his sincerity : and, if I “ am not deceived in him, why will “ he not permit me to think him now “ worthy of every kind of felicity ? “ and why will he not give me every “ opportunity to contribute to his “ happiness in my power ?”

Feeling her cheeks more glowing, and her confusion increase, after the delivery of this speech, she turned away her head to hide her blushes.

He, no longer able to controul a passion which he was now sufficiently authorized by her to avow, though he did not think himself, from his own situation in life, by any means warranted to avow it, imperceptibly drew nearer to her, and seized her trembling hand, conveyed it with rapture to his lips, saying, "Forgive me, Lady
 "Frances, if I am too sensibly affected
 "with those charming interrogations
 "in my favour. I cannot yet think
 "myself deserving of your partiality;
 "but I am necessarily animated by it
 "to throw myself immediately into
 "some way of life to render me so:
 "the moment that point is accomplished you shall see me at your feet,
 "soliciting the blessing of this dear
 "hand, which can alone compleat my
 "felicity."

The

The door immediately opened, and in came Colonel Tylney with Mrs. Foley, leaning on his arm, who in her lively manner told lady Frances she was really surprised that she could leave her so long alone with her brother.—“ He has teased me to death,” continued she, “ and I have been obliged to drag him hither, in search of you, as he would not let me come by myself.”

A smile, which brightened the countenance of Tylney, and strongly expressed his internal satisfaction, gave Lady Frances an opportunity to rally Mrs. Foley; and Cecil heartily joined in her raillery to give her still more time to recover herself.—She thanked him for his assistance, with a look which would not have passed unheeded by her friend, had not the colonel, at that instant, been adjusting Mrs.

Foley's hat, which he had a little disordered, by making too near approaches to it. The adjusting scene, therefore, not only prevented her from observing the glances which Lady Frances and Cecil darted at each other, but occasioned a pretty severe lecture in the chiding strain to him. Reproofs, however, to favoured lovers, are generally followed by renewed offences : and such a lover proved the colonel ; for upon being repulsed he chose to look extremely miserable.

The good-natured Mrs. Foley, who did not like to see him uneasy made her own peace with him, and secured his, by granting him still greater indulgencies than he had at first attempted to seize. Indeed, during the whole day, that agreeable, lively woman was of infinite service to her more serious friend, by giving her, undesignedly,

[designedly, a thousand opportunities of discovering her esteem for Cecil ; opportunities which Lady Frances would not have had, if her attention had not been so much engaged by the colonel : nor would she have been able to conceal her sensations from the eyes of her friend. Not that Cecil publicly appeared *the lover* : it was only to be discovered that he really was so by those who had leisure and inclination to make very nice remarks. No man, perhaps, ever more adored a woman than he did Lady Frances ; yet the high idea he entertained of her intrinsic worth, made him look upon himself as totally undeserving of her, except he could by any proper means raise his fortune to an equality with hers. Till he had accomplished that design, he could not endure the thoughts of pressing her to give herself to him ; nor, in truth, would he ever

K 5

have

have seemed to take particular notice of her, had not her extreme generosity in sending him the abovementioned notes, with a view to retrieve his affairs, awakened every grateful, every tender sensation which had long lain dormant in his bosom ; that generosity, added to her avowed esteem for him, wrested the secret which he had carefully concealed in the inmost recesses of his breast.

It may be, possibly, asked how Cecil came to be so expert at guessing that Lady Frances was the person who actually sent the notes to him, as she had taken every method she could think of, to prevent such a discovery. The truth is, he knew no friend but Sir William Revel, who was either able or willing to spare such a sum ; and he knew also, that Sir William was at too great a distance to be so soon

soon acquainted with the disappointment he had met with. Colonel Tylney indeed was thought of upon the occasion, as he had seen many proofs of his generous disposition; but from his knowledge concerning the situation of his affairs he was fully convinced that his generosity could not have been with any prudence exerted: and the moment he came down, and saw him deeply attached to Mrs. Foley, he was assured that he had been too much engaged with the lady to think of his friend at that juncture.

Lady Frances, therefore, was the only person whom he could suspect of acting with such a liberal spirit: and his suspicions were confirmed by the first movement of her eyes, in spite of her utmost wishes to conceal the truth from him: those suspicions were

still more confirmed by the amiable confusion which his sudden appearance occasioned, and into which his unexpected acknowledgments threw her.

Before he left her that evening he snatched a moment unobserved, to tell her he should not be able to see her for a few days, but should never forget what he owed her.

He then immediately, without waiting for her reply, hastened to town.

During his absence, she was more than once tempted to tell Mrs. Foley what had passed between them; and the dear pleasure of talking about her lover considerably heightened the temptation; but, upon recollection, she checked her inclination and resolved to wait till his return before she
made

made a disclosure of what she longed to communicate.

He came pretty nearly to the time appointed, and found her with her friend and the colonel; but as he then desired to see her alone, an intelligent look which he directed to her, made her presently ask him to go into the next room, and look at some drawings she had just finished.

He followed her immediately, but there was a langour in his countenance which alarmed her; she was going to take notice of it, but he prevented her, by making an apology for the liberty he had taken in wishing to speak with her, and at the same time thanked her for granting him the wished-for favour. "As my heart is," "however, Lady Frances," continued he,

he, "infinitely more anxious for your
 "happiness than my own, and as you
 "have given me all imaginable rea-
 "son (looking at her with the most
 "ardent tenderness) to believe that
 "you are enough my friend to inte-
 "rest yourself very kindly in every
 "thing relating to me, I was, I con-
 "fess, impatient to communicate a
 "scheme which I have a prospect of
 "making sufficiently advantageous to
 "enable me to offer a fortune not
 "totally beneath your acceptance:
 "and every other care to ensure your
 "happiness, my lady," added he,
 with his voice and eyes softened to an
 unusual degree, while he gently pres-
 sed her hand to his bosom, "shall be
 "my perpetual delight."

A tender sigh was all the reply she
 was capable of making, while she en-
 tirely gave up her hand to him.

"You

“ You give me no reason, my amiable Lady Frances,” proceeded he,
 “ to disapprove of what I have done :
 “ I could in no other shape flatter
 “ myself with the hopes of raising a
 “ fortune proportioned to that to which
 “ I have ventured to aspire : but as
 “ there is almost always a something
 “ left for us to desire, I could have
 “ wished that I had not been obliged
 “ to go to such a distance from all
 “ that is most precious to my heart
 “ for the acquisition of it.”

If Lady Frances could not bear the
 thoughts of her lover's long absence,
 before she had had those interesting
 conversations with him already mentioned,
 how doubly cutting must have
 been her sensations, when threatened
 with his near departure!

She started immediately at the word
distance,

distance, and in a plaintive voice asked him whither he was to go.

“Much too far for my wishes,” said he, with the most earnest concern, as he saw her deeply affected, “but my heart will ever be with you.”

“Oh, tell me whither you are going,” cried she with a tender importunity; “keep me no longer in suspense.”

“To the East Indies,” replied he, with a look full of inexpressible anguish.

“Oh! Mr. Cecil!”—She could articulate no more.—She sunk back in her chair without sense or motion.

The agony he was in at having thrown her into such a condition is not
to

to be described, yet as he was doubtful how far she might chuse to have it discovered, he shewed his attention to please her, and his great concern in endeavouring to recover her by every affectionate method in his power; and his endeavours were successful; for she soon opened her eyes, which she cast on him with a languishing sweetness, while he held her hands and pressed them alternately to his lips, entreating her to be composed, and assuring her of his extreme anxiety for having disconcerted her so much, concluding with his ardent wishes to do every thing to restore her tranquility.

“ You must not leave me then,” said she, with a flood of tears; “ I can no longer disguise my feelings: I wish not to disguise them, Mr. Cecil—death is preferable to such a separation. Yet hear me; since you will
“ not

“ not agree to my first proposal, and
 “ make use of half my fortune inde-
 “ pendent on me, let me again, though
 “ I am deviating from the rules pre-
 “ scribed to my sex, let me,” continued
 she, with her face and neck glowing
 like crimson, “ let me entreat you to
 “ make it yours, by giving yourself a
 “ legal title to it; and then I will ac-
 “ company you to India, or to any other
 “ place more agreeable to you: let me
 “ but go with you,” added she, melt-
 ed to a degree beyond expression, “ no
 “ matter whither.”

“ Gracious heaven !” cried Cecil,
 looking at her with eyes in which
 astonishment and rapture were equally
 blended, “ Is it possible that I can ever
 “ deserve so valuable a heart as yours ?
 “ No, my angel, (pressing her, transf-
 “ ported, to his bosom) never, never
 “ will I contribute to expose such ex-
 “ cellence

“cellence to the dangers, the terrors,
 “and the fatigues of so long a voyage,
 “against which you would have been
 “the first, had you not known me, to
 “exclaim. No, my lovely creature,
 “I will stay here, I will stay near you,
 “and wait with patience till some hap-
 “pier event arrives to make me more
 “deserving of such bewitching tender-
 “ness. But let me prevail on you to
 “compose yourself now, my dearest,
 “my amiable Lady Frances, (seeing her
 “still excessively fluttered) and if I have
 “not yet said what you wished me to
 “say, only name what will be most
 “pleasing to you, and it shall be done
 “immediately. I cannot bear to give
 “so much pain to the friend of my
 “heart, the only joy and delight of my
 “life.”

“You give me no pain now,” replied
 she softly, “but what proceeds from ex-
 cess

“cess of pleasure, to be so loved by
 “the man whom my heart has ever
 “most highly esteemed, is a happiness I have wished for in a state of
 “such cruel uncertainty that I am afraid
 “I do not bear it as I ought: but if
 “you love like me, Mr. Cecil, you
 “will know how to pity and excuse
 “me.”

A messenger from London, bringing the news of the Earl of T——’s (Lady Frances’s elder brother) landing at Park Gate, made Mrs. Foley, who little thought what an interesting scene she was going to interrupt, chuse to be the first to give her joy upon the occasion; but when she, on opening the door, saw her leaning on Cecil’s bosom, while he hung over her in silent rapture, wiping the tears from her eyes, starting and lifting up her hands, she cried, “So
 “Lady

“ Lady Frances, we may now, I find,
“ laugh at each other.”

Lady Frances, immediately rising, went towards the door, but Mrs. Foley hastily ran off. Turning then to Cecil, she said, “ Do let me beg you
“ to go after that good-natured giddy
“ creature, and make some apology for
“ me.”

“ Indeed,” replied he, with an impassioned look, while he pressed her hands in his, “ a thousand apologies
“ are wanting for me, but not one for
“ you, unless you can yet see me in the
“ light I behold myself; but as such a
“ view of me would assuredly tend to
“ lessen your tenderness, I must still wish
“ you to be as blind to my errors as
“ you have ever been.”

He then left her to go in search of
Mrs.

Mrs. Foley. He found her in the garden, explaining with the most lively action what she had just discovered, to Colonel Tylney.

“Tylney told her she must place herself in the very same attitude with him, as that in which she found Lady Frances with Cecil, before he could in the least comprehend what she meant.”

“Ah! you wretch,” exclaimed she, laughing; “but here comes Mr. Cecil, let him e’en tell you himself while I go to my friend.”

A very short time was sufficient to make those fortunate people perfectly acquainted with what would constitute each other’s happiness, and they had nothing farther to do than to wish for a

com-

completion of it: which could not, however, be expected very soon.

In the evening, Cecil bade Lady Frances adieu, in a different manner from that in which he parted with her before. He could indeed hardly tear himself away. She again and again charged him to give up all thoughts of his India voyage, and to return to Windsor as soon as possible.

As it was later than he had ever set out for London, he was willing to travel with the utmost expedition.

Just as he came upon Hounslow-Heath, he thought he heard a cry of murder, which surprized him, as it was a time of year when people are not often attacked upon the road.

There was no moon, yet it could not be said to be totally dark; he stopped

ped his horse : he listened ; and again heard somebody say, “ Why will you
 “ be such a villain as to murder me,
 “ when I have given you all I have
 “ about me ? ”

“ Here is some person in danger,”
 said he to his servant. “ Follow me,
 “ John.”

He accordingly rode a little out of the high road, and saw two men struggling with each other : the one endeavouring to wrest a short sword or dagger out of the other’s hand.

Instantly placing himself by the side of the person attacked, who seemed to be an old man, and crying, “ Courage Sir,” he defended him so bravely, that he soon brought his adversary to the ground without receiving a single wound himself.

During

During the struggle, a mask which he had on fell off, and discovered, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, a face not unknown to the old gentleman, who immediately cried out, "Unnatural villain, is it you who would have murdered me? That wretch, Sir," continued he, turning to Cecil, almost breathless with horror, "is my nephew, and heir to my estate."

The young man, though Cecil had gained the advantage over him, was not so much wounded but that he had strength enough to throw himself at his uncle's feet, and beg for mercy, confessing his attachment to a woman unworthy of his love, whose extravagance had ruined his fortune, and driven him to such a criminal pursuit.

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"Begone, thou scandal to humanity," replied the old man, taking hold of Cecil's arm, "and never dare to let me see your face again." Cecil assisted Mr. Bromfield (that was the old gentleman's name) to get into his post-chaise, and having told him that he would see him safe home, asked him if he had no servant, and why he ventured out so late alone.

"I went to spend the evening with a friend," said he, "as I have often done, and have gone home at a later hour at this time of year, and should have got home safe now, no doubt, had not that rascal, who well knew my custom, way-laid me on purpose. He also, I suppose, bribed my servant, as I do not see him any where; and he was with me when I set out."

Before

Before Cecil left the spot on which this horrid attempt had been made, the younger Bromfield had fainted through loss of blood. Turning, therefore, to his own servant, he ordered him to stay and give him what assistance he could, till he sent help from Staines, in the neighbourhood of which the uncle lived.

Having conducted Mr. Bromfield safe home, he received the warmest acknowledgments for his humanity, and the highest encomiums upon his valour. Fain would Mr. Bromfield have detained his deliverer all night, but Cecil, whose heart was too sincerely attached to Lady Frances to let her suffer a single moment's anxiety upon his account, if he could prevent it, imagined that very possibly she might hear of this accident, and be not a little alarmed on hearing of his

being engaged in it without being acquainted with the affair by himself, he therefore told Mr. Bromfield that he should return to the place from which he set out, but added, that he would visit him the next day; but it was with great difficulty he could persuade that gentleman to part with him.

After having dispatched a surgeon to the wounded man, he went back to Lady Frances.

Lady Frances had been, for some time, in her own apartment, and was almost undressed, but hearing that Cecil was returned at so late an hour, she began to fear an accident had happened to him. Cecil had desired the servant not to alarm her; but the moment she was informed of his arrival, she threw on her gown and handkerchiefs.

kerchief, and ran down to him in the parlour.

He flew to her, and supported her in his arms, as she was excessively pale and frightened, till she reached a chair. Then, sitting down by her, he told her the cause of his sudden return: but though he assured her that he had received no hurt, the very idea of his having been in danger made her tremble violently. When she had thanked him a thousand times for his consideration for her in coming himself to let her see that he was safe, she desired she might order a bed to be prepared for him directly.

While the preparations desired by her were making, he said every thing he could think of to calm her ruffled spirits, and to soothe her mind to peace.

As soon as the servant told him that his apartment was ready, they separated.

The next day, agreeably to his promise, he called on Mr. Bromfield in his way to town, whom he found so much incensed against his nephew, that he had sent for a lawyer to make his will, being determined to cut him off from his inheritance by leaving him only a single shilling.

Cecil having received this information with an uncommon seriousness of aspect, the old gentleman turned hastily to him, and asked him if he could possibly disapprove of his intention.

"Indeed I do," said Cecil very gravely.

"Why certainly," replied Mr. Bromfield, "I should be as great a fool as
" he

“he is a villain, to let him peaceably
 “enjoy my fortune after my death;
 “setting aside the risque I run of be-
 “ing assassinated for it every time I
 “sit: nay, I am not safe in my house
 “for ought I know.”

“I hope you are Sir,” said Cecil:
 “but *his* conduct, be it ever so crimi-
 “nal, will not excuse *you* for leaving
 “him destitute, as he may be, when
 “stripped of all the means of subsist-
 “ence, tempted to have recourse
 “to unjustifiable methods to pro-
 “cure it.”

“’Sdeath, Sir,” cried the old gen-
 “tleman in a heat, “you are enough to
 “provoke the devil himself. I looked
 “upon you last night as a man of the
 “most approved courage I ever met
 “with; because, ruffled as I was my-
 “self, I saw you calm and intrepid

"in the midst of danger : your bene-
 "volence also I esteemed equal to
 "your bravery from the great care
 "you took of me in my way home :
 "your humanity was also nobly exert-
 "ed in the behalf of a poor miserable
 "wretch, who, though he deserves
 "death, yet still ought to have af-
 "sistance, and time allowed him to
 "repent of his erroneous crimes, and
 "to prepare himself for a future state :
 "more, I cannot sufficiently admire
 "the good sense and the address which
 "you discovered last night ; but how
 "is it possible for a man possess of so
 "many virtues and accomplishments,
 "and so steady in the exertion of
 "them, to think it reasonable for me
 "to leave my fortune to a fellow from
 "whom he rescued me in the very
 "act of endeavouring to take away
 "my life?"

"Your

“You are now convinced then, Sir,” said Cecil smiling, “that I am far from meriting the encouragements you have so lavishly bestowed on me. I am sorry that we happen to differ in our notions concerning rectitude; but I cannot help thinking it the duty of every man to imitate the almighty father of us all, as much as we possibly can, with all our imperfections, by remembering mercy in the midst of judgment.”

“Ha!” cried the old gentleman, looking earnestly at Cecil, “And so I am to be preached into forgiveness by such a young fellow as you, am I? But I think, Sir, yes I think, that if I do not prosecute Bob for his unnatural attempt upon my life, I shall shew him mercy enough.”

L 5

“You

" You will, by so doing, shew great
 " consideration, Sir, I grant," said Ce-
 cil; " but yet, as I said before, if your
 " nephew is absolutely deprived both
 " of money and friends, as he is now
 " threatened with such a deprivation,
 " he may become desperate, and be
 " hurried a second time into criminal
 " actions. From the commission of
 " those actions you may, perhaps,
 " save him by allowing him something
 " for the relief of his necessities. He
 " does not, indeed, I confess, deserve
 " such an allowance; but the less he
 " merits your compassion, the more
 " exalted will be your generosity.
 " We are not to do good, in this
 " world, to those only by whom we
 " expect to be rewarded, even with
 " the smallest acknowledgments, but
 " to those who have the worst inten-
 " tions towards us; to our greatest
 " enemies."

While

While Cecil was speaking, Mr. Bromfield fixed his eyes, in silent admiration, on his face; when he had for some moments looked at him in that manner, he said, "Excellent young man; old as I am, I find it is not yet too late to learn wisdom, and to improve in virtue. — Give me, therefore, frankly and sincerely your opinion: how ought I to conduct myself in a situation in which, I will confess, that I may feel too much resentment, from the unnatural attack upon my life which you generously preserved. You have not only preserved my life, you have also taught me (a difficult lesson to learn) to shew lenity to my most inveterate enemy. I am ready, therefore, Mr. Cecil, to make some provision for my nephew; but must previously insist upon your telling me in what manner you

L 6

" would

"would have acted yourself upon an occasion which requires, you will readily I believe allow, no small delicacy."

"It does, Sir," replied Cecil, "and so much, that as I now find you humanely inclined to consider your nephew, I must leave you, being the most interested party, and consequently the properest judge, to determine the measure of your beneficence to him."

"I find, Sir," said Mr. Bromfield, "that your modesty is equal to your other virtues; but you shall not escape me so."

Cecil, not being able to avoid delivering his thoughts upon the subject in question, told him, with much diffidence, that he imagined an annuity
for

for his life would be the best provision for him, as he might then, in letting him know what he had done for him, let him know also, that he had entirely excluded him from the inheritance of his estate, and by so doing secure himself from any farther danger from that expectation. "I have still another thought to add, Sir," continued Cecil; "You may settle an annuity upon him for your own life, which will the more effectually preserve it from being endangered by him, as the duration of your life will be too advantageous to him to make him wish for its extinction. At the same time, however, I would strongly recommend your leaving him a comfortable subsistence as a proof of your pardon, at your death, though I would not have him acquainted with your legacy till he received it."

Mr.

Mr. Bromfield here clasped Cecil in his arms, calling him his dear preserver, son, nephew, only friend : and it was with great difficulty that he could prevail on him to let him go to London, though he told him he had business of considerable importance to transact there.

Cecil learnt from his servant, who had attended young Bromfield to Staines, that his wounds would soon be healed, that he had been chiefly in danger from the loss of blood, and that he begged most earnestly to see him as soon as he could seize an opportunity.

Cecil, though every moment near Lady Frances was most precious, yet would have thought himself entirely undeserving of her if he had not performed every duty of a man, and of
a chris-

a christian; he therefore went to young Bromfield, in compliance with his earnest request.

He found him almost recovered from his bodily disorder, but in a state of mind little short of distraction, as he had, indeed, been driven to the commission of so black a piece of villany, by the instigations of one of the worst of women, whom he had solemnly sworn never to see again.

The horror and the remorse which he discovered for the action of which he had been guilty, and the apparent sincerity of his penitence, drew such expressions of contrition from him as would have moved a heart much less obdurate than Cecil's to pity.— He left him not, however, till he had strongly enforced the absolute necessity of

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of never seeing again a woman who must be the most abandoned of her sex. Bromfield protested that there was not the least reason to doubt his sincerity in that respect, as he was certain that the most distant sight of her would throw him into agonies insupportable, "Could I," continued he, "but have any hopes of my uncle's pardon, I would immediately leave England even in the lowest employment, as I can never expect, nor do I now wish to possess the fortune of a relation whom I have so inhumanly treated."

Every proof of the sincerest repentance was, indeed, visible in the whole behaviour of this unfortunate young man, who in a few days was well enough to return to London, where in about a week afterwards he came to Cecil's lodgings, and told him he had enlisted

enlisted for a soldier in the service of the East India Company, but that he could not leave England till he had interceded with his uncle for his pardon.

Cecil promised to go about that friendly business directly.

After a great deal of persuation, Mr. Bromfield, the elder, consented that Cecil should carry his forgiveness to his nephew in writing, to which was added the draught of the settlement on him during his life, and a full revocation of any farther emolument arising from his estate.

As this concession infinitely exceeded the young man's expectations, he poured out his gratitude to heaven, to his uncle,

uncle, and to Cecil, and held himself in readiness to embark.

Before the expiration of a month, the elder Mr. Bromfield died by a sudden fall from his horse, and Cecil, to his great astonishment, was sent for immediately as his heir and executor.

He obeyed the summons, though with reluctance, and found that the old gentleman had left him above thirty thousand pounds.

So large a sum he could by no means think of taking from those who had, he judged, by being of the testator's family, indubitable claims to it. But as not any one remained but the individual Mr. Bromfield, who had made an attempt on his uncle's life, Cecil immediately

mediately found him out, as he had been detained by contrary winds, and acquainted him with the fortune which waited his acceptance as a reward for his unfeigned repentance, telling him also that he could not think of receiving any more than was sufficient to pay his friend the compliment of mourning.

To no purpose, however, did he strenuously persist in the refusal of so prodigious a legacy : Bromfield as strenuously declared that he would have deserved it had it been twice as much, and deserved it particularly from him, had he been at liberty to present it to him; for having saved his uncle from his unnatural attack, the very idea of which struck him with horror, “ I, therefore, Sir,” continued he, “ am indebted to you for what the most
“ affluent

"affluent fortune cannot purchase,
"that is, peace of mind here, and the
"hopes of eternal happiness here-
"after."

For a long time were these two gentlemen contending. At last, Cecil so far triumphed in the generous contest, as to prevail upon his competitor to accept of ten thousand pounds, with which he determined to go abroad without delay, only changing the place of his destination.

When every thing was settled relating to the elder Mr. Bromfield's affairs, Cecil waited on Lady Frances with the agreeable news of his being possessed of a fortune more suitable to his wishes than he could possibly have expected in so short a time, without being
separated

separated from the dear object of his love.

As that acquisition of that fortune was entirely occasioned by the exertion of his humanity and generosity, he became dearer than ever to the amiable mistress of his heart.

Preparations were soon made for their marriage : preparations were also at the same time made for the marriage of Colonel Tylney and Mrs. Foley, which was to be consummated as soon as his mourning was over.

The Earl of T——, having for some time observed the excellent qualities of his sister's destined husband, proposed the greatest satisfaction in giving her to the arms of a man whom she had distinguished

tinguished from all his sex, entirely on account of his superior merit, and he received her as the dearest, noblest gift of heaven.

Sir William and Lady Revel were now returned to join their agreeable friends. Nobody more rejoiced than Sir William, who was perfectly happy with his amiable wife, at Cecil's felicity.

Miss Popham, finding a wide difference in her way of life at Mrs. Towerden's, after the elegant one she had led at the colonel's, and perceiving also an increased coldness in that ingenious lady's behaviour to her, grew weary of her situation; and, not being able to make a husband of Mawson, consented to live with him on less eligible terms than she had intended; but Mawson,

son, soon growing sick of her insolence and extravagance, turned her off. After having prostituted herself to a number of people, she was admitted into the Magdalen house; and is now pining away her life, soured by disappointment and strong remorse.

It remains only to mention Mr. and Mrs. Towerden. Their affairs growing more and more entangled, as Mr. Towerden had lost his place by mistaking a vote at an election (tho' Colonel Tylney, vigorously pursuing his frugal plan in Yorkshire, never called upon him for the payment of the money he had lent him) they were obliged to quit their house and retire with their other children to a second floor in Spring Gardens: from whence Mr. Towerden seldom descends, but on a Sunday. His amiable lady, however, has the satisfaction

faction of airing herself in the Park whenever she can spare time from the more desirable occupation of her son. At present indeed, she with her younger offspring makes but a tattered appearance; so offensive too is she become from certain effluvia arising from certain indelicacies about her person, that many of the literati have shaken off her acquaintance, not looking upon her as a wholesome companion: so that she has more than once been reduced to the deplorable necessity of rehearsing her little pieces to Monsieur Descafeaux, upon a bench in the Mall, on which both of them are generally too much enchanted with each other's poetical flights to think of their dinners, though almost every body else have retired for the refreshment of their bodies.

Lady Frances Cecil, recollecting
one day, though covered with snuff

and

and fluttering in rags, felt herself so moved with compassion at the sight of her, that on an enquiry into her condition, she with the entire approbation of Cecil, generously allowed her something by the week, conditionally that she and her children should make a more decent appearance; and she is so far affected by this proof of her ladyship's benevolence, that she is composing an heroic poem, in which Lady Frances is to be exhibited under the character of Minerva, and Cecil under the character of Apollo; but as she, from no authors ancient or modern, can find out that those two celebrated deities were ever married, she confesses herself entirely at a loss how to proceed, protests she was never so non-plus'd in her whole life, and like many others of her profession, declares that she writes with infinitely more spirit and precision

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when she has no money in her pocket. Yet even this declaration, though it has been often mentioned to Lady Frances, has not been able to make her withdraw her genteel allowance (to which Colonel Tylney has added, at the desire of his present lady, something considerable) though she and her amiable Mr. Cecil cannot help smiling now and then at so very diverting an object of their humanity and beneficence.



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